

Thomas Crane Public Library
QUINCY MASS

POINTER



JUNE, 1934

Ferdinand De Nicola

Jeanne Stenbrenner
Delen Anne Walton
Dorothy E. Weeden
John Mullaskey
William M. Coughlin
Alice E. Arnold
Anne Russell
John A. Evans
Elizabeth M. Mahoney
Thomas McBrath

~~Chetola~~ ~~brac~~
Stewart Sheriff
Fielda Wilson "34
Rouqia ameen 9-3
John Mullany
Robert Mullen
Eleanor Breen
Mary McLean
Cl
Anna Zaporetski
Priscilla Sinclair
"Jackie" M. Glare
Joe Constant
"Kinky" Harold Cain b

Anna May
Sommer
Beth Hurst.

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HENRY T. PRARIO



THE POINTER STAFF

THE POINTER

Quincy Point Junior High School

VOL. VI

QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS — JUNE 1934

No. 1

THE POINTER STAFF

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Assistant Editor-in-Chief

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EDITORIALS

A MESSAGE TO YOU

It is a wonderful thing to be alive today. It is thrilling to have the feeling of being an adventurer — the feeling of going somewhere. You are on your way to finding your better self so that you may be truly useful in the community. Quincy Point Junior High School is your way to your best. Pupils and teachers are living in a new day where the public school is dedicated to the training for better and happier living in school and during leisure time.

Always dignify labor and honor those who render a service to their school, home, or community. Be loyal to your group. Respect those who guide, direct, and support you. Appreciate the fine body of young people with whom you are privileged to associate, the sincere parents who are bringing you up, the sympathetic educators who help you — they are all noble, courageous friends. They all want you to feel in some measure the thrill that comes with doing your best; the feeling of success in the performance of your daily tasks.

Character education is just as important as "the three R's." By all means learn well how to study and how to use the tools of learning. Be equally careful to KNOW right from wrong; choose the right instead of the wrong; practice the right until it becomes a HABIT. These forces are working all the time at home, in the school, in the neighborhood, and in the church. If these are balanced you will develop normally and need have no fear. You will surely react favorably to life's situations and be a GOOD CITIZEN or, in other words, a person of GOOD CHARACTER. You will be moving rapidly onward toward your better self.

Henry T. Prario, Principal.

APPRECIATION

Dear Fellow Schoolmates:

As this happy school year of 1933-34 comes to a close, I appreciate more deeply the honor of having been President of Quincy Point Junior High School. Your splendid coöperation with the Faculty and the Student Council has made it a successful year. I have tried to continue the work started by my predecessors. I sincerely hope that you will continue to give your whole-hearted support to the future presidents. I am glad to have this opportunity to thank the members of the Faculty and the Student Body for their coöperation during my term of office as your school president.

Edward Hackett, School President.

PROSPERITY

If you were asked what word seemed to you the most outstanding in conversation, newspapers, magazines, et cetera, during the past few years, what would you answer? To my mind that word is "PROSPERITY."

How many times have we heard that "prosperity is just around the corner?" How many jokes have been made about this phrase? Yet it strikes a deadly serious note.

In the past year a new leader has come into the White House and he has promised to be our guide over the Road of Recovery that leads to Prosperity. It is a long road and a hard road, as we have seen during the past few months, but our goal is now in sight. Press on. Prosperity is within our reach.

Harry Elstob, 9-1, Editor-in-Chief.

SCHOOL NEWS

SCHOOL ELECTION

At a special assembly during club period on Thursday, September 28, the student body gathered in the hall to listen to the speeches of the various candidates for school offices.

The six candidates for president: Edward Hackett, Alice Evans, Rosanna Washburn, Dorothy Stoler, Harold Pitts and Joseph Pinel, were all capable of the office they sought.

There were several pupils who desired to hold the office of councillor of their respective floors.

Mr. Prario, after the speeches had been made, praised the excellent vocabularies and the eloquence of the speakers.

At the close of the second period, we were given ballots on which to vote.

When the votes were tabulated, the results were as follows:

President, Edward Hackett

1st. Floor, Councillor—Elsie Baxter.

2nd Floor, Councillor—John Mullaney.

Harry Elstob, 9-1.

N. S. A.

This year our school instituted the N. S. A. which means the New Student Act. The idea was Miss Russell's and under her supervision, the Student Council went about carrying it out. They presented a program which consisted of an original play, cheers, and the N. S. A. song. Edward Hackett, our school President, the two councillors-at-large, and other members of our school spoke on the aim of the New School Act. The code consisted of rules and statements in regard to the citizenship and scholarship of the pupils. Each member of every classroom had to sign the code before a large emblem of the eagle could be placed on the door. Each member in turn received a small eagle to remind him of his pledge.

An N. S. A. parade was given on November fifteenth with every member of the Junior High Schol taking part.

The aim of this New School Act was to make our school a better and finer one and gain more coöperation from the members of it.

Carolyn Whitehouse, 9-6.



BOY LEADERS



GIRL LEADERS

HOME ROOM ORGANIZATION

Our home rooms have been organized with a president and a student council representative.

The president leads the class meetings and takes charge when the teacher is out of the room. The representatives go to the student council meetings and help make the laws of the school.

The following are the presidents and student councillors of the various class rooms:

Class 9-1, Room 17: President, Hugh Lusk; representative, Ferdinand DiNicola.

Class 9-2, Room 15: President, James Savage; representative, Enrico Gangi.

Class 9-3, Room 1: President, Albert Happle; representative, Geraldine Avery.

Class 9-4, Room 16: President, Edward Hackett, representative, Virginia Johnson.

Class 9-5, Room 18: President, Thomas Monaco; representative, Marjorie Smith.

Class 9-6, Room 14: President, Rosanna Washburn; representative, Philomina Marinelli.

Class 9-7, Science Room: President, Alfred Oliverio, representative, Genio Luciani.

Class 8-1, Room 2: President, Kenneth Elstob; representative, Harold Gardner.

Class 8-2, Room 2: President, George Lusk; representative, Mary McDermott.

Class 8-3, Room 6: President, Paul DePesa; representative, Jack Bowes.

Class 8-4, Room 10: President, Anthony DiNicola; representative, Alberina Evangelista.

Class 8-5, Room 12: President, John Dialogue; representative, Phyllis MacDonald.

Class 8-6, Room 5: President, Charles Pittman; representative, Allen Rolfe.

Class 8-7, Room 5: President, Robert Skeldon; representative, Allan Rolfe.

Class 7-1, Drawing Class: President, Edmund Coyer; representative, Jean Pinel.

Class 7-2, Room 3: President, Zahia Ameen; representative, David DiSantis.

Class 7-3, Room 9: President, Frank Evangelista; representative, Robert Grant.

Class 7-4, Room 8: President, Antonio Mollica; representative, Stanley Morin.

Class 7-5, Room 4: President, Richard Saville; representative, Dorothy Murray.

Class 7-6, Room 11: President, James Stelfox, representative, Evelyn Sweeney.

Adj. Class, Room 7: President, Michael Ferris; representative, Alice Hynes.

Rose Giglio.

AN INTERESTING LECTURE

On October ninth we were honored with a visit from Miss Margaret Slattery, well-known lecturer and educator, who visited us two years ago. Upon being introduced by Mr. Prario, she received a great round of applause from the students. She then turned her attention to the lecture, given for the first time to a junior high school. Of particular interest to the boys was a description of the work of a Chinese boy, Jimmy Yen, who at the age of nine had mastered the Chinese alphabet of four thousand characters and learned four books by heart. This boy later edited the first Chinese primer. Miss Slattery then changed the scene to Rus-

sia and told us of her friendship with a Russian girl, Sonia.

The well-known lecturer finished her talk by reciting a poem that she knew and had quoted on her previous visit.

Harry Elstob, 9-1.

MISS MARGARET SLATTERY

One of the most eventful days in this school to me was the day that I presented Miss Margaret Slattery with a copy of our school magazine, "The Pointer."

Miss Slattery came to our school and talked to us on a very interesting topic. She spoke of her many experiences in meeting younger people of other countries—such as Ivan and Sonia of Russia. Miss Slattery also told us of her travels in various countries. Miss Slattery enjoyed her visit here and was very much pleased with the school magazine which contained an account of her previous visit to our school.

Bertha Zack, 9-3.

LEHIGH-HARVARD GAME

Fifty members of this school went to Soldier's Field, November 3, 1933, to see the Lehigh-Harvard game. Mr. Mullarkey and Mr. McGrath were in charge of the transportation. The fee was fifty cents. We were taken to the game by some of our teachers. Harvard won the game by a score of 13 to 7. The pupils arrived back at Point at six o'clock. Everyone said he had enjoyed himself immensely.

Eugene Forsyth, 9-3.

ARMISTICE PAGEANT

November 10, 1933, the assembly was in charge of 8-1 and 8-2, Miss Steinbrenner's and Mr. Mullarkey's classes. It was in the form of a pageant which displayed vivid foreign costumes. There was an appropriate accompaniment of music.

The characters included:

Spirit of Democracy—Alice Evans.

Memory—Frances London.

Immortal Voice—Robert Mullen.

Nurses—Margaret Sandford, Myrtle Holmgren.

Girl Wreath Bearers—Mildred Foy and Elena DiSciullo.

Boy Wreath Bearers—Harold Gardner and Gerard Creutz.

England—Mary MacDermott and Richard Sager.

France—Bernadette Buckley and Ralph Graham.

Italy—Jennie Graceffa and Sidney Donaldson.

Belgium—Dorothy Vincent and Lester Sprague.

America—Lillian Russell and Thomas Welch.

Girl Scouts—Annie Paton, Bertha Hunt, Myra Campbell, Rita St. John, Jeannette Jackson, Frances Ricker and Hilda Petzoldt.

Boy Scouts—John Brown, Kenneth Elstob, Paul Happel, David Sternberg, William Carnathan, Fred Allen, Armati Maligno and John Janeaterino.

Before the pageant a short production took place, namely, "Joint Forces," with Gertrude Kapsis as a representative from the National Education Board and Hector Pimental as a representative from the American Legion.

Rose Bookman, 9-3.

MR. CRONAN

We had a distinguished guest one Friday morning. He was Mr. Cronan, the story teller. After an introduction, he told us parts of two stories, "Oliver Twist" and "These United States." He also told us about some new books which are in our library. These books are: "Spunky," "Get-a-Way," "The Handsome Donkey," "Stone Knife Bay," "Kiyi" and "Young Fu." He then sang a song in which the assembly was invited to sing with him.

Eleanor Faiella.

AN EDUCATIONAL TRIP

On Thursday, November 23, the reporters' club, under the supervision of Miss Birge, visited the "Quincy Patriot Ledger." On arrival, the manager took us to the room upstairs where the linotype machines were. He explained to us how they worked. We then went down to watch the papers being printed. We were all very much impressed by the size and speed of the big roller on which the actual printing was done. We feel now that we know everything which happens to our articles which we write in club, from the time we put them on paper until they appear in print.

Vernon Levinson.

**STUDENT COUNCIL****LIBRARY STAFF**

LIBRARY STAFF

The Library Staff consists of two divisions, namely: morning staff and evening staff. The former consists of a large group under the supervision of Harry Kuperman who has served for three years, and Dennis Hurley who is serving his second year.

The morning staff includes S. Bean, R. Bookman, J. Catler, N. Chella, I. Hajjar, P. Mattila, M. Nedale, J. McLean, J. Pinel, D. Stoler and S. Tolchinsky. This staff includes pupils from the seventh, eighth and ninth grades.

The evening staff is under the control of Bertha Zack, who has served for three years, and Martha Dahl who has started her second year. The staff includes A. Blanchard, M. Dahl, E. Mimino, C. Palmisano, G. Sanborn, M. Moore, J. Gambino, E. Gacieai and M. Ferguson.

The library staff has undertaken a mighty task which has resulted in a marvelous piece of work, including mending, checking, charging, warning notices, overdue notices, fixing the shelves, and other related work. On the whole, we depend a great deal upon the library staff and, in return, they wish our coöperation.

Rose Bookman, 9-3.

A VISIT TO THE QUINCY EVENING NEWS

The Journalism Club, under the supervision of Miss Manchester, was given the opportunity of visiting the "Quincy Evening

News." The Sports Editor conducted the group through the various departments. The twenty members of the Journalism Club were given a newspaper after watching the paper go to the press and were also given linotype slugs with their names on them. Pages set up before going to the press were shown to the members. The Journalism Club enjoyed the visit and was grateful to Mr. Zack for acting as guide.

Bertha Zack, 9-3.

BOOK WEEK

Our school celebrated Book Week by reading as many books as possible. The total was 1,195 books. Miss Leighton's class made posters to put in the home-rooms to remind us to read many books from our school library. Last year there were 647 books read but we surpassed all records this year. The records from each day were as follows: Monday 201, Tuesday 199, Wednesday 230, Thursday 272, Friday 295.

HEALTH WORK

The Chadwick Clinic gave the tuberculin test to the pupils of the Quincy Point Junior high school on Thursday, January eighteenth. There were present two state doctors, two state nurses, two state clerks, and two school nurses. The test began at 8.30 in the Junior High and ended at 10.30. There were 1,071 children who took the test; 263 were from the Junior High. After it was over, Dr. Drew and Dr. Zack were there to examine the arms.

Paul DePesa, 8-3.

MR. HART

At a special assembly during club period, Thursday, February 15, we were pleased to have Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hart as our guests. Mr. Hart has been doing some research at Harvard University on Washington during the past year and as part of his work he is going around to schools in Massachusetts acquainting pupils with known and little-known facts of our first president. Mr. Hart was dressed in the same style clothes as Washington wore, identical, even to the watch. Mrs. Hart impersonated a reporter from a modern newspaper. The scene took the form of an interview, Mr. Hart speaking and making the gestures as George Washington did. One of the many things brought out in the program was that Washington had a keen sense of humor. After the sketch Mr. Hart devoted the remainder of the period to answering questions, first giving a humorous answer and then the serious one.

Harry Elstob, 9-1.

MR. TALBOT

The pupils of the Quincy Point Junior High School enjoyed one of the finest assemblies of the year on March 1 during club period. The occasion was a lecture by Mr. L. R. Talbot, Educational Field Agent of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. The lecture was illustrated by colored slides of familiar and unfamiliar birds, some of them taken and colored by Mr. Talbot. The talk was interesting because the lecturer had an undisguised sense of humor. We sincerely hope that Mr. Talbot will return to our school in the near future.

Harry Elstob, 9-1.

CHAMPIONS

News! News! Division 9-3 has won the championship title for slug throughout its stay in Quincy Point Junior High School. For three years 9-3 has held the girls' championship record. To celebrate, they had a party with Lucy DiMeo acting as hostess in her home. The class of 9-3 including the team of fourteen are as follows: R. Ameen, M. Artese, G. Avery, T. Barba, E. Baxter, E. Blaisdell, R. Bookman, E. Broadford, L. Broadford, E. Brown, M. Calabro, J. Cameron, M. Campbell, V. Crestfoli and N.

Chello. Theresa Barba, our captain, has helped us win this great honor for three years.

Rose Bookman, 9-3.

PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

The Quincy Point Parent-Teachers' Association gave a whist party on Thursday evening, March 1, in the Quincy Point Junior High School gymnasium at eight o'clock. Hostess and progressive bridge were played, besides whist. Twenty-seven tables were used. Refreshments were served.

The committee in charge was made up of Mrs. William Burke, chairman; Mrs. MacLean, Mrs. Harold Sherburn, Mrs. A. LeCount, Mr. B. Fain, Mrs. G. Wilson, Mrs. P. Giglio, Mrs. J. Magee, Mrs. F. Graves, Mrs. W. Adams, Mrs. E. Johnson, Mrs. J. Avery, Mrs. J. Pinel, Miss Edna Abbiatti, teacher in the Daniel Webster school, and Miss Alice Arnold, teacher in the Quincy Point Junior High School.

Roland Pinel and Margaret Giglio were the winners at bridge. The winners at whist were Mrs. C. Pace, Helen Tirrell, Mrs. Ash, Mrs. Leddy, Olivia Hendrickson, Mrs. J. McKay, Mrs. S. MacGeachie, and M. E. Brennan.

This party was given in order to raise money to buy sets of encyclopedias for the Pollard, Washington and Daniel Webster schools.

Marion Romano, 8-1.

ANNUAL DANCE

The members of the Leaders' Club met in the gymnasium on Wednesday, March twenty-first, at three-thirty for the annual dance of the club. Along the walls of the gymnasium were many artistic drawings contributed by Miss Leighton who is in charge of the art department. Following dancing, games were played. Among the games played, "Pin the donkey's tail" and "Eat the cracker" were most enjoyed.

The entertainment was the highlight of the afternoon. Mr. McGrath opened the program with a tap dance. Richard Fleisher and Richard Foley played a saxophone duet entitled "Cheri, I Love You." Peggy Carmody and Hannah Hamill sang two selections, "The Old Spinning Wheel" and "Good Night, Little Girl of My Dreams." The dance closed with every one joining in and singing "Good Night, Ladies."

Louise Johnston, 9-1.

COUNCILMAN THOMAS S. BURGIN

On Thursday, March twenty-second, the ninth grade classes and the Student Council members met in the assembly hall during club period, where a talk on City Government was given by Councilman Thomas Burgin. Mr. Burgin was formerly a member of the House of Representatives and he was kind enough to explain how a meeting there is carried on.

Following the talk, questions were asked by various members of the audience. They were fully answered by Mr. Burgin. An interesting discussion followed each question. Every pupil was attentive and Mr. Burgin's talk proved to be very interesting.

Carolyn Whitehouse, 9-6.

SPELLING BEE

A contest was held in the Quincy Point Junior High School during the latter part of March when the following delegates were chosen to compete:

Jean Pinel, 7-1; A. DiNardo, 7-2; E. Gacia, 7-3; A. Mollier, 7-4; S. Scott, 7-5; G. Smith, 7-6; E. DiChullia, 8-1; M. McDermott, 8-2; E. Grant, 8-3; E. Faillea, 8-4; M. Johnson, 8-5; H. Petzold, 8-6; R. McDonald, 8-7.

The day at last came when all the delegates from both grades met to decide the champion speller of each grade. Everyone was excited. The contest was held in room 5 under the supervision of Miss Bradley. After lengthy matches, Mary McDermott of 8-2 was named the champion speller from the eighth grade and Rose Jones from the seventh grade.

On Friday, April thirteenth, during the latter part of the assembly, Miss Bradley awarded certificates to each delegate and a new 1934 Webster Dictionary to M. McDermott and one to Rose Jones.

In a final contest, Jean Pinel won the school championship. She was awarded a certificate and a medal. Jean represented the school in a district bee.

Rose Bookman, 9-3.

THE JOURNALIST

On Thursday, April the fifth, the Journalism Club was entertained in the Science Room by a motion picture during club period. The picture was entitled "The

Journalist," and it was based on the making of a newspaper. The club had as their guests, members of the Booklovers' Club. Both the picture and the short discussion following it proved immensely interesting.

Carolyn Whitehouse, 9-6.

A GREAT LOSS

Friday, the thirteenth day of April, was an unlucky one for the Journalism Club, because it was the day that the Editor-in-Chief, Harry Elstob, returned to England, the land of his birth. Bertha Zack, assistant-editor-in-chief, was promoted to Harry's place. We're wishing Harry lots of luck.

Johanna Johnson, 9-4.

DANCING CLASSES

On April 27, 1934, the ninth graders started their dancing classes in order to prepare for their reception in June. The money gathered from the admission charge of five cents per person was used by the committee to defray the expense of having "Jimmy Swan's Orchestra."

Jenny Pompeo, 9-5.

ARBOR DAY EXERCISES

On May 2, 1934, the faculty and pupils of both the Daniel Webster and Quincy Point Junior High Schools gathered on the newly graded playground for Arbor Day exercises. Everyone enjoyed the program which consisted mainly of the planting of seven elm trees which were given to the pupils of both schools by Mayor Charles A. Ross who was guest-of-honor for the afternoon. The program consisted of the following events:

March—Junior High School Orchestra.

America the Beautiful—Schools.

Responsive Reading—Mr. Prario and Schools.

Arbor Day Song—Junior High School.

Woodman, Spare That Tree—Yolanda DiNardo, grade 6.

He Who Plants a Tree—Alice Evans, 9-1.

Trees—Recitation, Room 16, Daniel Webster School.

Trees—Solo by Mr. Prario, cello accompaniment by Mrs. Berthold.

When We Plant a Tree—John Driscoll, 9-1.

Planting Trees—Soil thrown from wheelbarrows with trowels, schools.

Bertha Zack, 9-3.

OPERETTA CAST



OUR OPERETTA

The "Show Boat" docked at Quincy Point Junior High School on the evening of May eleventh. Among the many guests present was Professor Staley of the Staley College of the Spoken Word. The hall was filled to capacity. In the first act Stephen Collins Foster's melodies were interwoven in a way which was delightful to both young and old. Tableaux accompanied the songs, many of which were old favorites. The comedians fitted in nicely with the southern atmosphere of the operetta. During the intermission Mathew Johnson, our Conrad Thibault, accompanied by the Beralde Ensemble sang "Asleep in the Deep." The orchestra rendered a few selections among which was one of the selections played by them over the radio.

The second act opened with the entire chorus singing "Show Boat" and "Sometimes I'm Happy." The comedians again set the stage for merry making with their jokes and pantomime.

Freida Wilson sang "Carolina" as only Freida can; while Virginia Fleischer took us down south to a southern mammy and her black baby with "Stay in Your Own Back Yard." "Lazybones" and "Old Man River" detained us in the south and treated us to a domestic quarrel such as only a black mammy can superintend.

Our climax was indeed fitting with a touch of the sea in "Before the Mast" followed by "Sailing" and "Anchors Aweigh" sung by the chorus and enlivened by our dancers. The participants were as follows:

Characters

ACT I—SCENE 1

Captain Daniel Tompkins.. David Sternberg
 Miranda Tompkins..... Lillian Russell
 Jeannie Tompkins..... Elena di Sculio
 Showboat Singers and Dancers

ACT I—SCENE 2

1. Overture—Foster Medley of the South.. Orchestra
2. Moonlight and Starlight
 Freida Wilson, Virginia Fleischer, Josephine Swanson, Rita McManus
 Minuet Dancers
 Eleanor Goldstein, Phyllis Macomber, Jean Muir, Julia Angelini, David DiSantis, Murray Needle, Albert LeCount, David Simpson
3. Uncle Ned—Pantomime
 James Wright, Boys' Glee Club
4. Susanna—Solo
 Nicholas Pepe, Glee Club
 Banjos—Myles Conaghan, Clifford Dyson, Ernest Blackmore

Harmonicas—Dennis Hurley, Richard Boyle
 Dancers—Elsie Baxter, Elizabeth Broadford, Louise Broadford, Peggy Smith, Anna Dolan

5. (a) Some Folks Do.....Glee Club
 (b) Comedians.Joseph Chepetsky, William Butt
6. (a) Old Black Joe—Solo
 Jean Blanchette, Glee Club

(b) There Was a Time.....Girls' Sextette

7. Camptown Races....Albert Ranieri, Glee Club
8. Tableaux

(a) My Old Kentucky Home
 Special Arrangement — Glee Club and Helen Knasas, Charlotte Wolf, Pearl Paris, Eva Pettinelli, Susan Scott, Anna Moscone, Alfred Pugh, Helen Ricker, Clifford and Kenneth Burchsted

(b) Joannie with the Light Brown Hair
 Gerald Lyons, Myra Moore

(c) Swanee River
 Glee Club and Zahia Ameen, James Wright Edward Sweeney, Vernon Levinson

INTERMISSION

Incidental Music by the Orchestra

ACT II

1. Overture—Selections from Hit the Deck
 Orchestra and Glee Club
2. Comedians
3. Carolina.....Freda Wilson, Glee Club
4. Stay in Your Own Back Yard
 Virginia Fleischer with Obligato by Girls' Glee Club
5. Lazybones.....Lucy DeMeo, Glee Club
6. Old Man River...Matthew Johnson, Glee Club
7. Finale—Before the Mast
 Orchestra and Entire Cast

Glee Club

Leads: Freda Wilson, Virginia Fleischer, Lucy DeMeo, Gerald Lyons, Albert Raneiri, Matthew Johnson, Nicholas Pepe, Jean Blanchette
 Soprano Section—Hannah Hamill, Peggy Carmody, Mary Artese, Elizabeth Broadford, Marina Calabro, Louise Broadford, Victoria Cresfolli, Josephine DiNicola, Marion DiLoreto, Nan Murdoch, Clara Wallace, Dora Deveau, Adela Gramazio, Roouzia Ameen, Marion Etzell, Loretta DeGravio, Eleanor Lane, Eleanor Smith, Susie Pece

Alto Section—Shirley Morgan, Theresa Barba, Margaret Gillies, Dorothea Holland, Jean Skelton, Stacia Zaporetski, Virginia Hartrey, Rosanna Washburn, Helen Knasas, Beatrice Chaplin, Hazel Taylor, Rose Comi

Tenor Section—Richard Foley, Sestino Tocchio, John McLean, George Lusk, George Dixon, Richard Sager, William Daly, William MacDonald, Manual Kurlansky, William Butt, Lawrence Kennedy, Albert Cobb

Bass Section—Jack Cappobianco, John Lopreste, Armati Maligno, Robert Oliver, John Lee, George Comi, Alfred Colella, Raleigh Brown, Constantine DiTullio, Anthony Salvaggi

Quartette—Freda Wilson, Virginia Fleischer, Josephine Swanson, Rita McManus

Sextette—Yvonne Doucette or Josephine DiNicola, Lucy DeMeo, Freda Wilson, Virginia Fleischer, Josephine Swanson, Rita McManus

Orchestra

1st Violins—Lillian Russell, George Lusk, William MacDonald, Fred Whittaker, Constantine Franchuk, Bernice Cutler, Bernard Paolucci
 2nd Violins—Lelio Serafini, Philip Dwyer, Jack Bowes, Dorothy Murray, Helen Gallagher, Priscilla Pinel, Norma Wolf, Annie Gould, Gertrude Kapsis, James Conaghan
 'Cellos—Janet Easton (solo), Phyllis Pinel
 Banjos—Clifford Dyson, Myles Conaghan, Ernest Blackmore
 Clarinets—John Tropea, Myrtle Holmgren, Virginia Galbraith
 Saxophones—Richard Fleischer, Richard Foley, Clara Hayden
 Mellophone—Ferdinand DiNicola
 Trumpets—Hugh Lusk, Ralph Dalziel, Richard Sager, Frank Giachetti
 Trombone—John Costello
 Drum—Russell McGuirk
 Piano—John Driscoll, assisted by Frances Kramer
 Harmonicas—Paul Happel, Richard Boyle, Dennis Hurley
 Orchestra assisted by:
 Piano—Miss Alma Tower
 Violin—Mrs. Mabel DeWolfe
 Drum—Miss Lillia White

Dancing

Tap Dance and Cake Walk—Elsie Baxter (solo);
 Peggy Smith, Louise Broadford, Elizabeth Broadford, Anna Dolan
 Sailors' Hornpipe—Jessie Cameron, Myra Campbell
 Dancing directed by Mrs. Thelma Jones and Miss Dorothy Burnett

JANET EASTON, 9-1.

COURT TRIAL

The class of 8-2 conducted a mock trial in Civics class recently. The trial was for the murder of an imaginary man called Tracy King. Hector Pimentel was the defendant. The verdict of the jury was "Not Guilty." The other characters were as follows:

Judge.....	Alexander Mitchelson
Lawyer For the Defence.....	Lester Sprague
His Witnesses—Dorothy Vincent, Richard Sager, Bella Fragaer, Billy Cornathan, David Sternberg, Alfred Colelia.	
District Attorney.....	Lillian Russell
Her Witnesses—George Lusk, Francis Ranieri, Bernard Paolucci, John McManus, John Jansterino.	
Reporter	Marion Romano
Jury—Emily Mandelli, Maureen McKenna, Margaret Sandford, Priscilla Pinel, Myrtle Holmgren, Elsie Nimmo, Clair Brick, Bertha Hunt, Eleanor Poulos, Kathleen Caron, Mary McDermott, Barbara Dashen.	

The purpose of this trial was to show the class the customary procedure in a court trial. All the usual proceedings were followed and the result was very satisfactory.

Marion Romano, 8-1.

LITERARY

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

Foster was born on July 4, 1826 in Lawrenceburg which is in the district of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. His father was a merchant from Virginia, but a citizen of Pennsylvania. He had a liking for music but his wife was somewhat poetic. Foster's great grandfather was an Irishman.

Stephen as a whole had a good education. In the year 1840 he was sent to Athens Academy in Pennsylvania. The next year he went to Jefferson College which was near his home. Gradually he became interested in music and began to study the works of Mozart and Weber. He taught himself French and German, but was never successful as a scholar in a schoolroom.

Foster in all wrote one hundred and sixty well known songs. He wrote his first composition while at Athens Academy. This was called the "Tioga Waltz" written for four flutes. In 1842 he wrote the music for "Open Thy Lattice, Love," but he did not

write the words. Later he made a friend of Mr. Henry Kleber who helped him with his works. Foster attended many negro camp meetings so that he could study their style of singing. From 1845 to 1848 he wrote folk songs. Some of the songs he wrote are "Oh Susannah," "Old Uncle Ned," "My Old Kentucky Home," "The Old Folks at Home," "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair," "Old Black Joe," "Nelly Was a Lady," "Old Dog Tray," "Nelly Bly," "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," and "The Merry Month of May." Foster's songs are well known throughout the country.

His later life was very pathetic and painful. He married Miss Jennie McDowell, but as Stephen was not a home-loving man it soon ended in separation. Later he became interested in poetry. While in New York he was attacked by a fever and finally died on January 13, 1864. He was buried in the Alleghany Cemetery in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Lelio Serafini 9-2



**REPORTER'S CLUB
STORY TELLING CLUB**



**ART CLUB
NOVELTY CLUB**

FIVE GIRLS IN A BOAT

The fluffy white clouds in the sky harmonized nicely with the attitude of the five girls who were enjoying a pleasant trip on the Town River. The blue and silver canoe which carried the party was headed out into the open bay with its cargo of pickles, olives, sandwiches, lemonade, bathing hats, pajamas, and bathing slippers. The sun, which was nearing its height in the sky, reminded the girls that they were looking for a good picnic ground.

"I don't care if we have to eat on the deck of the canoe, as long as we eat," was the nonchalant remark which came from a short stout girl. She indeed looked as if she enjoyed eating very much.

The blue and silver canoe made its way out into the bay and continued lazily yet steadily on, despite the protests to eat. About one o'clock, judging by the sun, the girls unanimously voted to relieve the canoe of its heavy cargo of lunches. As they were in un-

familiar waters they could not find a suitable picnic ground along the shore, so the sight of a large clean raft was welcomed by everyone.

The delicious lunch soon disappeared and five satisfied smiles came into view. After resting in the warm sunshine for half an hour, the party decided to take a swim. The diving board was about four and one-half feet high. After much debate a tall, blonde girl was selected to take the first plunge. As the girl mounted the ladder leading to the diving board, she announced that she would try the famous "Swan Dive." It was a perfect dive.

"It's great, come on in," the swimmer called to her companions. Then, "I think I cut my back," she half sobbed.

"Oh! what a cut," exclaimed her sister. "Does it hurt?"

"Well, it doesn't tickle," she replied with a small amount of sarcasm creeping into her voice.

"It's a nasty cut, you must have scraped along the bottom where there was something sharp," offered an older girl. "We had better get you home as soon as possible."

A beach cape was thrown around the injured girl and she was gently helped into the canoe. . . . The girls took their places and pushed themselves away from the raft.

Dark clouds were replacing the fluffy white ones and the sun had disappeared.

"It's going to rain," announced a small timid girl, "and we've got a long way to go before we reach home."

"Come on, paddle," commanded the older girl, "we'll be done for if we get caught in a storm out here."

Five serious girls paddled with all their might. It rained. The wind howled. Lightning flashed across the sky in frightening streaks. The waves lashed against the deck-boards. About four inches of water covered the bottom of the canoe.

"Sing," commanded the older girl. And they sang at the top of their lungs.

"We can't keep this up much longer," announced a small girl, "I'm tired out and we can't see three feet ahead in this fog."

The waves lashed against the blue and silver object as it made its way slowly up the river. The water rose higher and higher in the bottom of the canoe. Five beach capes and towels were being used to the last thread to cover the shivering shoulders of the girls. Hands were blistered and cut from paddling so long. The rain, which had turned into hail, beat down upon the exhausted faces which peered out into the fog for sight of land. It came before they knew it. A big wave hit the side of the canoe and it capsized. The girls and their belongings were thrown into the dark unfamiliar waters to await their fate. The cold dark waters closed over them as they sank for the second time. As they returned to the surface five pairs of arms reached out desperately for a grasp on the canoe. They got it. Minutes seemed like hours as they clung to their last hope. Their grasps became weaker. Exhaustion was overcoming them. Suddenly from nowhere a light circled around them. Excited voices shouted to encourage them. They were found!

Then everything grew dark.

"I feel fine now," the injured girl said in answer to her mother's questions, as she lay

resting in a garden swing.

A few minutes later four adventure-craving girls tripped into the garden up to the cheery, convalescing girl and announced, "Mary's father just bought a new sail-boat and we're going to be the first ones to try it out. Come on; let's go."

Lillian Russell, 8-2

A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE

"I tell you I was shanghaied."

"But you signed."

"I didn't," replied the boy.

"Isn't this your signature?" inquired the captain.

"It's my name, but I didn't write it," the boy replied indignantly.

"Well, you're here and you've got to stay," the captain told him.

The boy, subdued, sat silent while the Captain watched him.

It was almost sailing time and last minute preparations were being made. The "Rover" was lying in her berth in the upper New York harbor. She would soon be heading for the Pacific coast on her tenth trip. Paul Richards, the shanghaied boy, was aware of the fact. What would his parents think had happened to him?

"Sonny," called the mate, "c'mere." Paul went sulkily to the mizzenmast where the mate stood. When he reached the mast the mate spoke, "Seein' your gonna be with us a spell you gotta be assigned a watch. I guess you'll be on my watch since I'm short a man. That's the mornin' watch. Now go for'ard and tell 'Legs' Butler to give you a bunk."

Paul went forward to the foc's'le. He went down the hatchway and inquired for "Legs" Butler. He had soon been signed to a bunk. As it was late afternoon he had nothing to do so he went to the rail. There he gazed longingly into the city.

A cry to "cast off" brought Paul to his senses. He became aware that the "Rover" was pulling away from the wharf. The topsails were set and they caught the light westerly breeze. Out into the harbor the "Rover" slowly sailed. On into the narrows and to Sandy Hook where the pilot was dropped.

An order came to set the fors'ls and Paul found himself going aloft with the others. He did not dare look down for fear of losing

his balance. Anyway, he had to hang on because he was not used to the rolling; but he managed to reach the cross trees and assist in setting sail. Soon he was on deck again. After the mizzen and mains'l's were set the "Rover" bowled along at a good eight and a half knots.

The crew of New Englanders did not like their captain who was a Southerner. It was 1860—September sixteenth to be exact—and much feeling existed between the North and the South. The mates were New Englanders and sided with the crew much of the time.

Three days out of New York a calm lasting over fifty hours was encountered. The next batch of trouble came on October 5-6-7 while rounding the horn. The wind blew at gale force and a cold rain fell steadily. All hands were called to bend sail. Two men were blown away while doing this. The mains'l was ripped and the fores'l's were in shreds at the break of dawn. Coming to the deck the next morning Paul found the storm unabated. It continued through the day and abated some that night. During the next day the storm cleared up and the sun shone through the clouds.

During the trip the men had come to like Paul. They told him all sorts of stories. Eventually he became their spokesman. He had not forgotten his parents and planned to write to them upon reaching port.

After rounding the Horn the "Rover" made her way up to San Francisco without any exciting events in seventy-three days.

While on leave at San Francisco, Paul heard rumors of war at home between the North and the South and soon found them true. He repeated this to the crew who became very interested. When every one added his news, they had a complete story.

At dusk Paul noticed the captain slink away and he followed him. He could learn nothing when the captain entered a house, so he returned.

After loading, the "Rover" put to sea again. The trip was uneventful and soon they were off the Florida coast. When the coast of South Carolina was reached, the "Rover" had to remain there for about a day.

When Paul was on watch he overheard the captain and a seaman talking. He heard that they were to exchange cargoes with a Confederate vessel and then proceed to Eng-

land. A red flag was to be the signal for the transfer. Paul reported what he had heard and the crew decided to take the guns and either sink or capture the Confederate. Later in the day the Confederate appeared. When the red flag appeared Paul gave the order and the men stepped to the guns; the hatches were opened and ammunition was passed up. Before the captain could warn the Confederate, a shot put the light gun out of commission and a warning shot was fired. Then they demanded a surrender. Meanwhile the captain and his friend had been put below. The Confederate surrendered and her crew was put below. Then the mate detailed Paul as leader and seven others to bring the captured vessel into port.

Three days later they reached port and were praised highly for their work. After a reception Paul took a train North to a small town on the Hudson and there found his parents. They were overjoyed to see their son after almost eight months of absence. He told the story over and over. He also tried to find his "shanghaier," but was unsuccessful.

After two weeks Paul received a letter asking him to accept a position as third mate on the "Rover." He accepted and left for the city.

A cry to "cast off" brought Paul to his senses. He became aware that the "Rover" was pulling away from the wharf. His thoughts went back eleven months to the time when he had sailed unwillingly. His chest swelled, as he waved to his parents. Then, as he gazed at New York he suddenly realized he was the proud third mate of the ship "Rover."

Lester Sprague, 8-2.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER

The Mississippi River, often called the "Father of Waters," is the greatest river of North America. The first white man to discover the Mississippi was Fernando de Soto, in 1541. A year later, when he died, he was buried in the river. It starts in Northern Minnesota and empties into the Gulf of Mexico. It is 2,459 miles long and forms the boundaries or parts of boundaries of ten States.

Many rivers and streams empty into it, but the most important is the Missouri. The Mississippi has many colors. If it is fol-

lowed all along, among the many colors seen are a clayish color, a dirty, muddy color, and a clear color. In Minneapolis, at the Falls of St. Anthony, was one of the prettiest places along the river; but its beauty was ruined by the use of the Falls for water power.

A report on the Mississippi would not be complete without mentioning the floods that take place there. Many of the floods occur after long rains; and usually in the spring when the river is naturally high. Some of the country is no higher than the river at its accustomed height, so much damage is done. The worst flood that ever occurred in the United States was along the Mississippi, in the spring of 1927. Several hundred people were killed; people lost their homes; much land was flooded and a great loss of money was the result.

Many power dams have been built along the river, and one of the most important is the Keokuk Dam.

At first the only commerce on the river was carried on by rafts. The first steamboat to sail down the river was in 1811, and since then much trade has been carried on along the river; but commerce has steadily gone down and now it is a mere fraction of what it formerly was.

Isabel Hajjar, 8-1.

THE SUSPENSE ENDED

Every Hallowe'en night the residents of Howard Street had been haunted by a curious moaning sound occurring at midnight. It had puzzled them greatly. They knew on Hallowe'en there usually were a great many queer things going on, but to have the same trick played every Hallowe'en was very disturbing.

Here it was, the night of ghosts and goblins again and the mystery had not yet been solved. A group of girls had finally summoned courage enough to try to find the cause of this menace. They were all gathered in front of where the noise was believed to come from, when it began. Running quietly, they stopped and crouched down in front of a clump of bushes where it was loudest. One girl decided to have it over with and reached into the bushes and touched something, she started back, but the other girls pulled aside the bushes and disclosed a small horn like contrivance onto

which was attached a tube. They followed the tube back and at the end of it were most of the boys of the neighborhood. One of these was blowing into the tube and in that way causing the moaning sound. When they saw the girls they were very much surprised and decided to confess that they were all members of the "Wanna Scarem Club" and this was one of their first experiments. Since it worked all right they had decided to continue it until they were discovered.

The residents of Howard Street were never again bothered with moans and the "Wanna Scarem Club" was forced to take up its headquarters elsewhere.

Helen McGarty, 9-5.

THE NINE JOLLY HELPERS

"Oh! I have a splendid idea," cried Joyce, so suddenly that the other girls jumped. A group of girls had gathered together at one of the meetings of the "Nine Jolly Helpers Club." Christmas was approaching and they were trying to decide what they could do to make this Christmas one of the best that they ever spent together.

"She rarely thinks; but when she does, she must have something worth listening to," joked Jean.

"Well," Joyce said, ignoring the thrust, "I've been thinking that we might use our club dues to buy presents for some poor children. Also we could make some of the gifts. I don't see why we couldn't save a little of our spending money too. Many of us have things that are still new, or as good as new. These would make many unfortunate children happy and it would give us a good time also."

"Why, that's an excellent idea," chorused the girls.

After that, all the girls were busy. Mystery was in the air. The girls saw little of each other. Shopping occupied much of their time. Whenever the club met they all brought things to do and were never idle.

As a result many parents, who thought that their children would have to do without a visit from Santa Claus, changed their views. The girls said they had never spent a Christmas better than that because they found that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

Isabel Hajjar, 8-1.



**STAGE CRAFT CLUB
SEVENTH GRADE DRAMATIC CLUB**

THE SUNNY SOUTH

Florida is characterized by its beautiful sunshine and flowers. The sun does not shine quite all the year 'round, but we never see ice or snow, and stormdoors are worthless. Sometimes during the months of December and January, we wear heavy sweaters or coats and are grateful for a stove or fireplace.

None of our homes have cellars. Since the land is below sea level, the cellar walls would have a peculiar musty odor. Homes are built upon concrete blocks one or two feet from the ground. Practically the only places where the granite can be found are the cemeteries, and that granite is rather expensive.

In the Southern States the land is almost a level plain, with no high hills and scarcely any small slopes. This may sound a little monotonous to those who have lived in the North, but there are so many other things to see that you would not mind the mountainless territory in the South.

**SEVENTH GRADE DRAMATIC CLUB
SEVENTH GRADE DRAMATIC CLUB**

There is an interesting contrast between the farmer of the South, with his acres of snowy white cotton blossoms, and the farmer of the North, with his green vegetables and shrubbery. In the South there are few evergreens and no shrubbery or hedges. The climate does not suit them. But Florida has many beautiful flowers, and waning palm trees are as numerous as the shady elm trees in the north. Southern orange groves take the place of Northern apple orchards.

Perhaps you have not heard of a bird called the buzzard or vulture. This bird is coal black and about five times the size of an ordinary bird. It devours the carcasses of dead birds and animals. It has such a wonderful sense of smell that it can scent a carcass fifteen miles away. Anyone who shoots one of these birds is liable to be fined, because it betters the health of the community.

The negroes down South are the happiest people on earth. They are full of laughter and are always dancing. They can lose

their best possessions and still laugh with the crowd. A negro without laughter would be like a bird without a song.

Along the coast of Florida are the best beaches in the United States. You can ride almost the whole length of Florida on the sand.

If you are looking for an enjoyable vacation—one that you will never forget—visit Florida, the land of sunshine and flowers.

Myrtle Lohman, 8-5.

A LONELY FIR

Everyone of us from Daddy Green down was talking of the occasion nearest his heart and that was Christmas. We were all hoping to be chosen to be taken home and dressed up. Mr. Robin Redbreast had told of the magnificent jewels which decorated the favored tree.

Next day we heard sleigh bells jingling and saw a group of sleighs rounding the bend of the road. We waited expectantly. The people cut down all of the trees but me. Watching them drive away, I wished I had been one of the lucky ones.

All that day and the next I waited. Still no one came to take me. I gave up hope. Oh, how lonely I was! If only there were someone to talk to me. Early the next morning I heard a clear ringing of voices and beheld a tall, sturdy man with a little curly-haired lad of four on his shoulders.

The boy—I heard him call the man “Dad” said, “Do let’s take that little one home to surprise Mother, and any way it’s too pretty to leave all alone.”

Was I really chosen? My branches began to quiver. As I waited, I saw the man take out an axe. Then I knew I really had been picked. Quivering with joy, my branches shook.

The little boy said, “I’m glad we’re taking this tree home, Dad. It’s cold. See its branches shake.”

He didn’t know, as I did, that it was joy that made me shiver so and not the cold.

Rita Stingley, 9-6.

A NEW YEAR’S RESOLUTION

It was just before the New Year and Alice was thinking of what she could have for a good New Year’s resolution. Alice was a

selfish girl who thought of no one but herself. She never thought about poor people at all. While Alice was thinking, a poor girl walked by. She was selling flowers made of crepe paper. The girl asked Alice if she wanted to buy some flowers. Alice liked the flowers, but she did not notice how cold the girl was. Alice went in and brought out a five dollar bill which her grandmother had given her for Christmas. When Alice came out she noticed the flower girl for the first time and invited her in to get warm and to have a hot drink. Alice gave her the five dollars and told her she would help her and her family all year. That night Alice told her mother what had happened and said she had made a good New Year’s resolution not to be selfish. Alice kept her resolution always.

Thelma Steir, 7-6.

CAROL’S WINTER EXPERIENCE

Carol was at the window of her home looking out on the snowy white world about her. She was expecting some friends to come to her house where they had made an appointment to go skiing that afternoon. An incessant ringing of the front door bell proved to her that they had arrived. She gleefully arose and ran to meet them. Standing in the snowy whiteness were Mildred, Helen, Jerry, and Dan, a few of her many friends.

Soon they all clambered into the rickety old Ford which was the private property of Jerry, and set out for White’s skiing hill. When they arrived, Jerry got out and produced the skis from the box at the back of the Ford. After they had strapped the skis on their feet, they started down the long steep hill. Shouts of joy arose. Some one gave forth a cry of disgust as a strap became loosened.

Carol had reached the middle of the hill when a crashing sound was heard and Carol disappeared from the face of the earth, or so it seemed to her friends, but when they arrived at the place where she had fallen, they discovered that she wasn’t hurt, but just bruised. She had fallen through the rickety roof covering of a cave wherein they found her brother Harry working on his invention which he said was not safe at home from the prying eyes and curiosity of his neighbors.

The jolly crowd said that they had had enough excitement for one afternoon and

clambered back into the car and went home. Harry, Carol's brother, was forced to find another place to work on his invention and said he had been very much hampered by the previous interruption.

Helen McGarty, 9-5.

MISSISSIPPI LOU

"Toot, toot!" a steamboat whistled shrilly as it rounded a bend in the Mississippi River. The men on the wharves laid down their nets as it came closer and formed a welcoming group on the pier. On the river the other boats were moving peacefully in the soft summer breeze.

It was 1866, one year after the Civil War and America was still recuperating from the ravages caused by the conflict. How different this peaceful scene on the Mississippi River looked from one of the year before!

Into this group of men on the wharves there came an old lady, leaning on a stick, her short thin body shaking like a leaf as she limped up to the pier and looked eagerly at the approaching boat.

The men made way for her beside them. "Hi, Lou," they all greeted her. Among themselves, they called her "Mississippi Lou," for since the end of the war she had come to the wharves every time a boat came in, waiting, waiting for someone who never came. Yet, though she had lost everything else but the shack in which she lived, Lou had never lost hope.

By this time the boat was docked and people were getting off. Both black and white were mingled together as the boat, with a loud shrilling of sirens, was off again.

Lou carefully examined the faces of those who had come off the ship. She was trembling in expectation. At last she turned hopelessly away and her pale, wrinkled face grew older as she started back to her shack.

Then, "Mother, mother!" and two strong arms went round her. The voice she had longed to hear for so long was ringing in her ears at last. She turned as in a dream, "Jim, my son, is it really you?"

The men on the wharves crowded round at her cry and Jim, his arm about his mother and his face aglow, told his story. It was

a short and sad one. First a prison camp, then while trying to escape, the whizz of a bullet and an unceasing pain in his leg. At a hospital the doctors had set a broken bone in his leg which had never quite healed. For months Jim limped his way across country, toward his mother's home, hungry and tired, snatching rides here and there, working at odd jobs on boats, until here he was—home at last!

Finally Jim and Lou started for home. Jim looked surprised as he saw the shack. Little by little he coaxed his mother's story from her.

"So you've lost everything, mother!" he exclaimed. "Well, now that I'm home again we'll get it all back," and he stooped to kiss her.

Lou smiled happily through her tears, "No, dear!" she cried tenderly, "No matter what I've lost, I haven't lost everything by any means, and here an exultant expression came into her face, "I still have you, Jim!"

Mary Kalil, 8-5.

THE TRACK MEET

The track meet between Valley and Dale had been going on for over two hours and the two teams were almost even on points. Valley was leading by a margin of only six points before the mile run took place. The mile run gave four points to the winner, two points for second place and one point for third place.

The gun went off and the race was on! Hayworth of Valley took the lead, closely followed by White of Dale, the other runners being in a bunch. In the last quarter mile, White overtook Hayworth, and though hard pressed, succeeded in coming in first.

Hayworth dropped back and was quickly overtaken by Bonthorn of Dale who came in second, making the meet a tie.

Tom Brown of Dale and Joe Green of Valley were running neck and neck when Joe, with a sprint, forged ahead. Tom gave the last bit of spirit in him and passed Joe, giving Dale the meet with a total of fifty-six points against Valley's fifty-five.

George Page, 7-5.

THE GHOST

I had always been afraid to go up the stairway to bed. I suppose it was because I had often heard my mother in a joking way say that she thought the house was haunted. This was more acute one night than any other. I did not know why, but I was soon to find out.

The wind was howling outside and the rain was swishing against the window panes, but I finally got enough courage up to bid the rest of the family good-night and climb the wooden stairs to bed.

On arriving at my bedroom door I imagined I could see all hideous faces peeking out from the dark, eerie corners of the room and laughing at me. I tried to shake off these feelings and succeeded in doing this to a certain extent by pressing a button and flooding the room with light.

After I got into bed I turned off the light and had my fears somewhat calmed by snuggling down in the warm cozy bed. Then I opened my eyes with a start, a sickly greenish light had made itself visible to my eyes and was speaking to me.

"You have been wondering what causes the creaking of your stairs when no one is ascending them," it said in a hollow voice.

"Y——es," I managed to reply.

"Well, I shall tell you. Many years ago I lived and played in this house as you do now. I was very happy then, but my favorite place for playing was on this stairway.

"Many times after I had been scolded for some wrong doing I would come to these stairs in the hallway and console myself. I had many games I used to play on them, but at the age of sixteen I died and from then on I have been forced to haunt these stairs which were so dear to me in my childhood."

The green light faded at this point and I awoke with a start. It was morning and the golden sunlight was pouring in through the window. The rain had stopped and the world without had been washed clean by it and was now sparkling in the morning sunlight. I got up and dressed and thought over my dream. It soon came to my mind that I had eaten a large piece of pie the night before and I blamed that for my nightmare.

I have never been afraid to go up those stairs since and I laugh when I hear them creak.

Helen McGarty, 9-5.

ROBERT FULTON

Robert Fulton, when a young man, was directed by Major André toward portrait painting as his vocation. Later he turned his thoughts to inventing and created several machines before his steamboat was invented.

In 1802 Fulton made his first experimental steamboat which was sixty-six feet long and eight feet beam. Its first trip was on the Seine, near Paris, and it proved to be a success. Fulton started to make a boat in the United States in 1806. His second steamboat christened the "Clermont" and called "Fulton's Folly," was one hundred and fifty feet long and thirteen feet beam.

On August 9, 1807, the "Clermont" made her first historic trip up the Hudson. The boat was clumsy beyond question. The machinery creaked and groaned when the boat cast off. One spectator described the boat as a "monster moving on the water, defying the winds and the tide and breathing flames and smoke." Some of the ignorant along the Hudson fell on their knees and prayed to be delivered from the monster. When the trial trip ended Fulton remedied most of the defects and the "Clermont" later began to make regular runs from New York to Albany.

A century has not dimmed Fulton's fame and every American places him among the leading pioneers of the world of invention.

Harold Gardner, 8-1.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER

One dark dreary night in a lighthouse, far from civilization, sat a girl. She was the lighthouse-keeper's daughter. She was waiting for her father to return from a small village where he bought supplies. Looking through the window something caught her attention. She made out the shape of a ship and realized if she did not warn the crew they would crash upon the rocks. Quickly, with trembling fingers, she lighted the warning light. She had seen her father light it many times so that she was familiar with it. The men on the ship saw the light and turned the ship slightly off its course and reached home safely. Not many knew how the ship was saved, but she delights in telling her children how she saved the ship from destruction when she was a little girl.

Clara Kapsis, 8-1.



**QUINCY POINT CHAIN GANG
NINTH GRADE NOTRE DAME**

**EIGHTH GRADE EAGLETS
NINTH GRADE FORDHAM**

A PECULIAR SITUATION

One morning as I entered the store an interesting character attracted my attention. She was three feet tall and appeared to be in the first grade. Her face held a grave appearance and she seemed to be in great difficulty in selecting some candy. At last her face shone brightly and, raising her voice, she attracted the attention of the clerk. Easily and delightfully she told the clerk that her choice was a box of chocolates which were priced at fifty cents. Gladly she handed him a nickel and was about to leave when the clerk called her back explaining that forty-five cents were due.

"You gave me a nickel," he said, "and the price is fifty cents. Don't you see the price on the card?"

"But my teacher said that zero's don't count," replied the little girl.

Imagine the clerk's difficulty trying to explain the fact, but yet she was right. How would you explain it to her?

Rose Bookman, 9-3.

FROM DUGOUTS TO STEAMSHIPS

Indians were the first to use dugouts in the rivers of America. The dugout was a frail boat hollowed out of a log and would tip over if the greatest care weren't taken. When Indians found it too heavy to carry from river to river or past rocks and rapids, they decided to make it lighter. Next came the coracles which were wicker-work boats covered with hides. After this the canoe was invented. The people saw that when the

wind had something to push against, it made the boat move, and so the sails were invented. The boats gradually grew to be the sailing vessels of Columbus's time.

After Fulton's invention of the steamship, travel by sea became easier. People no longer needed paddle, stick, or sail to push boats along, but instead a paddle wheel was used. Next came the Mississippi river boats which used pine wood for fuel and had long smoke stacks. They had low, blunt bows and wide decks. These boats were sometimes three-hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. Above the decks, the cabins sometimes stood from forty to seventy feet. Then boats were built strong enough to cross the ocean in safety. At first that travel was very slow. Sometimes it took seventy days to cross the ocean. These ships gradually developed into the modern ones which are like floating palaces.

Paul Mattila, 9-2.

THE FLOOD

There is one event in the life of Aunt Jemima, our cook, that she will always remember.

It was one rainy night when we were seated in a semi-circle around the hearth, that she told us the tale. "Yas, chilluns," she said, "I'se still 'members it 'sif it happened yesterday. 'Twas a night jus' the same as ta'night. Mah mammy and pappy an'us chilluns was in de cabin. Two of the pickaninnies was rollin' on de flo'. De rain was patahrinouht side. Suddenly we all heard a roah. Mah mammy became seart un run tah us chilluns. Den mah pappy ran ouht side tah see what'd happened. What he saw frightened him. D'n we foun' ouht what happened. De ol' fai'ful Mississippi had gon' an'ovah flowed. We all run to de doah tah see de sight. Mah mammy grabb us chilluns, un run tah spread de news. But eve'y one had foun' ouht by then what'd happened. A few people grabb' what dey could un got intah life-boats. De en' was we all got save, but de cabins was washed away."

When she finished most of the children were asleep. A look of satisfaction was on Aunt Jemima's face as she put them to bed.

Ruth Silver, 8-5.

THE BREEZY SISTERS

One of the March winds who lived at the top of the pine tree said to her sisters, "Let's go out on Main Street and have some fun." Now when the March girls got together to go stir up some fun, they always seemed to get into mischief. Down to Main Street they went. Turning a corner they saw the Ritz Haberdashery just ahead of them. Betty March wind said, "Wouldn't it be nice if some one would come out of the Ritz with a nice, new, shiny derby on?"

As if eager to fulfill her wish, the door opened and out stepped a short, fat man with a glittering black derby set proudly on his head. The March sisters were ready for him. Blowing and puffing, one sister knocked off his hat—that nice, new, shiny hat. The derby was whirled away in a cloud of dust. Panting and groaning the man went to catch his hat. He ran a long distance before the March sisters thought they had tormented him enough, and left him to find his hat in a pile of dust. So the derby and the man were reunited and ever after clung endearingly to each other.

Rita Stingley, 9-6.

THE MARDI GRAS

The Mardi Gras, or Shrove Tuesday, as it is sometimes called, is a great festive period for the people of New Orleans. It is the last of the days of the carnival and has been celebrated with great splendor by the people of New Orleans since 1857. It begins at day-break and woe is to the lazy person who wishes to sleep after that. With the first streaks of dawn, the streets are filled with masked revellers in gay costumes. The city is literally turned over to "King Rex and his majestic crew of Comas."

A brilliant feature of the celebration is an elaborate parade, including a procession of mounted floats, or stages on wheels on which characters pose in tableau representing legends, fiction, or historical events. The royal parade ground is made splendid with flags, bunting, banners, streamers, and fringes. At night it becomes a splendid spectacle of electric illumination.

After the evening parade a grand festive ball is held in the old French Opera House, and it is not until midnight that the sounds of revelry cease.

Johanna Johnson, 9-4.

CIRCUS

The circus originated among the Romans, and first consisted of horse and chariot races. Circus means ring or circle from the circuit made by the races. Later wrestling and athletic contests of all kinds were also added. Large sums of money were spent to bring wild animals from different parts of the country to be killed in the arena or center of the circus.

A nearly oblong building without a roof formed the circus of the Roman time. The seats were arranged on two sides in tiers similar to the arrangement of a football stadium. Outside, the circus was surrounded by galleries, shops, and public places like our present day side shows and refreshment booths.

In the early days, there were ten circuses in Rome. The largest of which was the Circus Maximus.

The arrival of the modern circus is awaited with great anticipation. After the children see the marvelous posters on the bill boards they can hardly wait for the big show.

The American circus is a popular form of amusement. Originally it had only one ring and six performers. It now has three rings with more than three thousand performers employed in entertaining the people. In early days they travelled to their destinations by horse and wagon. Now the circus has its own trains.

Rita Stingley, 9-6.

JULIA SEES WONDERLAND

One cold rainy day Julia wanted to go out, but mother said, "No." So Julia curled up in the big soft chair with the story of "Alice in Wonderland" and started to read.

Suddenly Julia was amazed to see a white rabbit jump in front of her and exclaim, "My, my, I must hurry," and right behind him skipped Alice from Wonderland. Julia jumped up and skipped in back of Alice, and then there were two little girls going somewhere.

Just as Julia thought she would drop from exhaustion, they came to a table where sat the Mad Hatter and a Dormouse. Contrary to his own lazy self, Mad Hatter got up and started to play a fiddle and dance. Suddenly a door opened and out came Humpty-Dumpty weeping large tears that he should

be treated so. After him came Tweedle-Dee carrying large pills for small people and Tweedle-Dum carrying small pills for large people. Then in tramped a strange procession of queer people.

"Who are they?" whispered Julia.

"Wait and find out," said the Mat Hatter crossly.

"Well, you don't have to be so rude," said Julia.

"And you don't have to be so inquisitive," said the Mad Hatter.

"Well, they are the——," started the Hatter just as coldly; but who they were, Julia never found out because she awoke with a start to hear her mother calling her to lunch.

Johanna Johnson, 9-4.

PLANTATION DAYS

Down south the darkies are happy at work and at play. Their occupation is monotonous, but the time flies quick because they sing while they pick the cotton bolls. Sometimes the negroes play a joke on someone. They never do it for harm, but for fun.

One day a pickaninny, humming a plantation melody, was strolling by the darkies. It was sung very prettily and a few of the negroes stopped picking the cotton to listen.

"Hey, Nellie," shouted one of the darkies who was irritated, "Stop that squeaking! If you think you are in an opera you are very far from being right."

Nellie, the pickaninny, didn't like anyone to interrupt her. She was only nine years old, but she had a quick temper. "Now if you think you are a boss or a master, you are mistaken," she retorted.

This started a quarrel between the two. Jim, as that was the negro's name, rushed over to Nellie and took her by the shoulders and shook her. Nellie, who was the favorite of the plantation, had never been hurt or insulted in her life. She became frightened and cried. The darky also became frightened and ran from the fields while other negroes looked on in amazement. Nellie also became frightened and ran to call him back.

From that time on they were friends and often laughed about the time they lost their tempers.

Ruth Silver, 8-5.

GORILLAS AND GLASSES

"Oh dear," sighed Joan, "I do hate this zoology. What do I care about gorillas? Ugh! The awful creatures, it makes me all goose flesh to think about them. Ho-hum, I am so tired. I must examine the skull of this man in the picture and then examine the head of the gorilla on the other page. Where's my magnifying glass gone to? Oh, there it is. Now, Mister Gorilla, to get you over with. Why! Don't get so large when I look at you. Stop growing. Oh——. Please don't step out of the glass. Please——. You're going to chase me. I know you are."

Over walls, houses, lamps, cats and trees they ran, till, with a deafening crash, Joan fell directly in the path of the gorilla. In a paroxysm of fear she waited, waited, and felt his hairy hands catch hold of her and bear her away from her house.

The gorilla jumped into the air and flew along birdlike. Suddenly Joan saw herself in a magnifying glass floating in the sky. She tried to scream, but fear still held her in its grip and she could not utter a sound. They floated thus for what seemed an hour, and finally landed in a deep, dense forest amid a circle of chattering gorillas. The gorilla set her down and joined his companions. One, who appeared to be the leader, stepped forth and addressed her thus:

"You dislike us, don't you?" The words were immediately taken up by the rest.

"Why—why—" stammered Joan.

"You think we are awful creatures," taunted the leader.

While all this was going on, the circle was growing smaller and smaller in circumference.

"We're going to crush you slowly," announced the leader stepping back into the circle which advanced more and more rapidly. Joan screamed.

Suddenly there was a blinding light and Joan awoke to find herself on the floor with the lamp-shade on her head and her mother questioning her as to her condition.

"Gorillas and magnifying glasses," shouted Joan to her astonished mother, and then she ran off to bed.

Marion Etzell, 8-1.

THE GREAT SECRET

Dana Haslett is a young man of sixteen. At the moment he is seated in his bedroom arguing with himself. Listen to his thoughts:

"No, I won't ask him."

Yes, I guess I will.

No, he might tell on me.

Yes, I guess I need someone to guard the door while I get it.

I wish I could decide.

Well, I guess I won't ask him."

Suddenly a loud knocking at the door broke through his thoughts, "Dana, Mother wants you right away," came his sister's voice.

"All right, I'm coming," he called. "Darn those old mothers and sisters anyway. Always breaking in when you don't want them," he growled as he unlocked his door and went down stairs to where his mother was sewing.

On his way to the store he met his friend, Walter, who had caused all the arguing in his room a little while before. Dana decided not to ask his help because Walter was too clumsy and would most likely knock over something. After a brief conversation about the latest baseball game, the two friends parted. Walter was very puzzled about Dana because he seemed so absent minded in his talk.

That night Dana got no sleep, and neither did Frank, his brother.

After what seemed hours of restlessness, Frank said in a sleepy voice, "Say, what's the matter with you anyway? If you don't want any sleep let somebody else have some," and his voice trailed off into silence, but Dana got no sleep. He lay still and planned where he would hide the great secret when and if he got it. Toward daylight Dana dozed off and the next thing he knew his mother's voice was calling. "If you don't come to breakfast immediately you won't get any."

Hardly had his mother reached the dining room when Dana appeared all ready. His mother nearly fell over in astonishment because Dana was never known to get up on time. Dana took no notice of this display because he had more important things on his mind.

The day passed somehow and that night when Dana's mother appeared dressed for



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the street Dana said, "Mother, do you mind if I stay home tonight? I have a headache."

"You poor boy, of course, I'll go myself and you can stay home and go to bed."

After the family had gone out and the house was quiet, Dana went out through the back door and felt his way very cautiously to the place where the great secret lay. He went through a door that was always open and, climbing up the stairs on tip toe, he came to another door which led to the secret room. After opening this door he crept across the floor. When he got half way across he heard a board creak. This gave him a bad case of the jitters.

After a brief fight with himself he decided it was just his strained nerves although he was still shaking. He continued on his way across the floor to the article he sought. Suddenly his hand touched another hand and almost immediately he was blinded by the



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SEVENTH GRADE FORDHAM**

searching ray of a flash light. Then came a burst of laughter that grated on the ears of the now shaking Dana. He fumbled about, found his own light and flashed it in the other's face. At the sight of that very familiar face he, too, burst out laughing.

"Walter! What are you doing here?" snarled Dana.

"I-I-came-after a picture I had left here," explained Walter.

"Whose picture?" demanded Dana.

"Ruth's picture," returned Walter.

"Well, I did, too, so you can just clear out, little boy."

"All right," cried Walter and before Dana knew what he meant he snatched up the picture and made for the door, but he got no farther for Dana made a flying tackle and soon both boys were rolling around on the floor.

Suddenly Dana stopped short for there on the floor, instead of a lovely picture, were scattered many little scraps of paper.

A passer-by wondered at the two ragged, but once neat boys who came out of the building, arm in arm, talking about the latest baseball game.

Jean Galbraith 7-1

A GOOD-LUCK FALL

It was the day of the Mardi Gras in 1871 that Ellen Louise, the young girl at the Billings House, had her first real adventure. Everyone was excited because the show-boat had docked the day of the Mardi Gras. That had never happened before. Ellen Louise had permission from Miss Lou to have the whole day off so that she might go to see the performance that evening.

She just could not wait that long to see the show-boat, so she decided to take a walk down to the pier where it was docked. It was crowded with excitement seekers and Ellen Louise decided to get to the front regardless of what happened. She tip-toed cautiously across a single thin plank that projected outward from the pier and ran close to the show-boat. She held her breath with fear. When she was halfway across the plank she heard the dreaded sound, c-e-er-ra-aack of the breaking plank.

"Lawsy, I'm falling," screamed Ellen Louise.

"Grab my hand," shouted a voice and Ellen Louise made a wild grab at an outstretched arm. The next thing she knew she was sitting on board the show-boat.

"Why, she's the very image of Kitty," said a masculine voice.

"Here, let me hear you sing," said some woman.

Ellen Louise uttered a few amazed notes in her rich Southern voice.

"Marvelous, I think she'll do," said the captain.

The next five minutes Ellen Louise was busy signing a contract to take Kitty Gray's part as the leading negress crooner.

And that is how Ellen Louise became a beloved member of Blane Creig's show-boat troupe.

Johanna Johnson, 9-4.

THE WINNING HIT

It was the end of the hockey season and State had one more high school to play. Hugh Crosby was playing fine for his second year at hockey. Altogether he had scored ninety-six goals out of one hundred and eight tries for an average of .888 per cent. He also made twenty-three assists.

The game with Heyward finally came on March second. At the end of the half, State was six and Heyward four. The whistle blew and the two centers faced off. Fisher was center for State. He passed the puck to Hugh who in turn passed it to Harry "Bas" Bascom. Bas took it down the ice until he was in front of his opponent's goal. He shot the puck and was successful in scoring another point for State.

There was one minute to play and Heyward was fighting like dogs to win. Heyward then scored two more goals to make the score seven to six in favor of State. The referee blew his whistle and the game was over with State winning by one point. State's hockey season was then over. They had won nine games and lost one.

The following Monday Coach Johnson put a notice on the bulletin board telling the boys to report down in the locker room at three o'clock if they would like to try out for the baseball team. That afternoon there were thirty-six boys in the locker room to try out for the team. Hugh and Bas were among them. The squad was growing smaller every day.

The following week only eighteen boys reported. The coach said that the next day the team would go out on the diamond and play the scrub team. They did play the scrub team five times and won all five games.

Finally, the game with Heyward, their most bitter rival came. It was the last of the ninth and the score was 4 to 4. State had Hugh on third base, "Bas" on second, and Fisher on first. There were two out and Johnson, who played shortstop for State was up. He had two strikes and three balls against him. The ball came over waist high and straight as an arrow. This hit would put State at the top of the league and if it were a strike, it would tie them with Heyward for the championship. If it were a ball, it would force a run in and then State could relax. Johnson was waiting patiently. It seemed as if the ball would never reach

him. At last he swung. He heard a crack and looked to see where the ball went. Lo and behold it had gone over the fence and was good for a home run. Heyward had won eight to four and Johnson was carried from the field on his team's shoulders.

The baseball season was nearly over and State was winning and losing evenly, but still keeping at the top of the league. Hugh, "Bas" and Johnson were playing very fine for the school and were sure to play the next day against Heyward.

The game with Heyward was going fine until the last inning. The score was six to five in favor of Heyward. State had two men on the bases. One was on third and the other on first. Hugh was up and was anxious to get a crack at the ball because it would be his last hit or out he would ever make for State. The ball was coming over smooth and easy. Hugh swung and hit over third base. The outfielder was coming in to catch it. It was coming fast. The outfielder bent down to catch it. Just before it reached him it took a leap over his shoulder. Hugh made three bases on the hit and sent two runs in. The score was now seven to six and State stands were in an uproar. The final score was ten to six and State had won the championship.

Let's hope that next year State will again come out as well.

Richard H. Sager, 8-2.

A TRIP DOWN THE RIVER

Janet Livingstone and her girl friend, Betty Lee, were going to take a trip in a show-boat down to St. Louis. Janet's father was giving them this trip for Janet's birthday. The day arrived and Janet and Betty were sent away with cheery farewells.

The people on board the show-boat were very friendly and the girls had a grand time. At each town the boat stopped and a performance was given. The girls always attended these and liked the characters very much.

Captain Henry who owned the show boat, told them many stories of things that had happened to him.

When the boat reached St. Louis, the girls had an exciting trip around the city. They visited famous places and bought gifts for their friends.

On their way back, they stopped for an hour or two at the dock of a large plantation. The girls, without telling anyone, slipped off to look around the plantation. They went into a forest and became lost. They wandered around for hours and then they suddenly stumbled upon a path which led to the plantation house. They knocked at the door and at last an old black negro let them in. The mistress of the house gave them food and a bed for the night after notifying the captain of their whereabouts.

When they reached home they had many exciting stories to tell. They didn't forget to relate their experiences in the forest.

Elsie Nimmo, 8-2.

PROGRESS

"Marthy, oh Marthy, my goodness, come here quick, an' listen ter the important news I've got ter tell you," called Jed Gray, as he hurried in from the flurry of snow outside.

"My goodness yourself, Jed, you certainly can holler an' get a move on if you want to," drawled Marthy, who never became the least bit excited over Jed's "news" because more than once it had not amounted to a "hand o' beans."

"Wal now," he grunted as he pulled off his thick rubber boots, "Wal ef you don't really want to hear it—" and at this he sauntered into the adjoining room.

"Jed Gray," Martha snapped, "you come right back here and tell whut you were agona tell, and be quick. There's pie in the butt'ry and here's some tea."

"Marthy," he sputtered between huge bites of pie and enormous swallows of tea, "they're gona put a telyphone in the gen'r'l store!"

"Marthy" stopped her ironing with eyes fairly popping out of her head, "A telyphone, a-a telyphone? A really one, Jed?"

"Yep, I reckon we'll be right smart people yet."

That night upon retiring, Martha, looking out at the snow-covered world, murmured happily to herself, "Maybe next we'll be hevin' a fire house!"

Virginia Campbell, 8-4.

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE

One bright summer afternoon I found myself walking with two friends along a railroad track. As I remember, we were very mischievous, for when we were walking along we stoned bee hives and were stung; broke bottles; and had combats with other boys.

While we were walking along we heard a slow freight train approaching us from behind. We started to run as fast as we could to get shelter from what we thought was a great steel monster. As we were running down the tracks I spied a low suspension bridge looming into view. I suggested, between gasps, to my friends to hide under the bridge. They accepted my suggestion and we clambered into the bridge where we rested and waited on a girder about two feet under the tracks for the monster to pass over us.

When the engine was approaching the bridge the rails began to sing and the bridge shook because of the immense weight of the engine. As the engine was rumbling over the bridge it sprinkled red hot ashes and scalding steam on us. It seemed like hours before the train was over the bridge and when it was we climbed up to examine our wounds which we had received from the engine.

For weeks after the incident we were still painfully nursing our burns. We all firmly resolved never to go for a walk on the tracks again.

John McManus, 8-2.

TOO LATE

"Yes, sir, it sure looks like it's going to rain. We had better find a place to stop until the storm is over," a tall man said to his wife. When the children heard this, they shouted with glee. Of course, it was fun to live on a boat; but whenever they had occasion to land they rejoiced. They saw many curious people and things on land.

"Come on, let's go tell Dinky and Dorry," a tall girl who appeared to be the leader exclaimed. When they found the twins, they told them the glad news.

Suddenly everything grew dark and thunder could be heard in the distance. Everyone scurried about, trying to get back to land before the storm broke out. Before

they could do this, the boat shook from side to side, and the rain began to fall. Nobody had ever seen such a storm before. Flashes of lightning showed the children cowering in the corner of the cabin. The wind raged and howled all night. Morning found the boat a wreck and nobody was to be seen.

The only ones who survived the storm were the two darky twins and the tall girl. They had managed to get ashore and were saved. When they were old they told this story to their grandchildren, who learned to think of it as the worst storm of the Mississippi.

Isabel Hajjar, 8-1.

FROM A BOY'S DIARY

Rip-p-p.

"Gee Whizz, Skinny! Just when we are ready to leave on our camping trip you go and rip your pants," exclaimed Billy Smith, who was about four feet six inches tall and a little over-weight because of his sweet tooth for chocolates.

"Oh, I wonder what my mother will say? I'll change them and she'll never know," muttered Skinny, and without a backward glance, hopped the fence and was gone. Skinny was the tallest of our gang, about four feet eleven inches tall and was as skinny as a pin rail. I was a little bigger than Billy and slightly underweight.

All of us had looked forward to this day for weeks and were up bright and early on this special day. When Skinny returned, we all started toward Lone Pins, a good camping spot above five miles away. The road was hot and dusty, and when Billy started to drink from his canteen, Skinny could not suppress a giggle for he had filled it with salt water. Arriving in Lone pines, we set up our tent, and then the pole came down on my head making me feel like the last rose of summer in distress.

Our supper consisted of eggs, toast and coffee. I was the cook and I don't blame Billy and Skinny for discharging me as official chef because the eggs tasted as though the shells were still on them and the toast like sandpaper. Late that night when we were all in bed, I found a rock under my pillow with a note reading "No hard feeling."

Came the dawn and the three of us were

reluctant to leave Lone Pines. When we reached home we heard Skinny's mother calling, "Samuel, you ripped your pants, didn't you? Come right home and explain."

Harold Gardner, 8-1.

THE TUNNEL'S END

Helen wanted to get away by herself and think. She had come to Alaska with some friends who were taking a few snow scenes. She walked along briskly, engrossed in her thoughts, not watching where she was going. Suddenly she felt herself falling into space. Oh! Would she never land? Finally, with a soft thud, she landed on a thick blanket of snow. For a moment she was dazed by the fall and the darkness; but she gradually moved herself around and found that she was in a pit of some sort. How to get out was now the question.

After groping around in the darkness for some time, Helen discovered an opening to what seemed to be a tunnel. She decided that anything was better than remaining in suspense, so she went forward on her hands and knees. After traveling in this fashion for quite awhile, she saw a faint light in the distance. Not daring to believe her eyes, she groped her way forward.

As she came through a small opening, she found to her amazement and joy that she was in the house where the expedition party was staying. After she had rested and had had something to eat, she told her story to the curious members of the party. She was told that the tunnel had been built long ago for some unknown purpose and had not been used in recent years.

Isabel Hajjar, 8-1.

POLITICS AND CALENDARS

Like everyone else on board, I thoroughly enjoyed the performance just given. I was taking my vacation on one of the showboats that still ply up and down the Mississippi giving plays like the one I had just witnessed—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." One can always recognize a New Yorker so I was quick to notice that "Uncle Tom" and "Simon Legree" once lived in the great metropolis. Being of an inquisitive nature, I went back stage and in their dressing room found that they were Jim Lincoln and Sid Grant, late of Manhattan. I asked them how they had

left, so, while Lincoln went to change his clothes the other told me his story:

"Jim Lincoln and I were down and out. We walked up Broadway with our hands tightly closed over thirty-seven cents—our entire capital. Though our cash was low we put on a pretty fair appearance as we walked into the vestibule of the Hotel Montclair.

"Our scheme was to look over the hotel register; find a client's name and then find out if he had a job for two good talkers.

"We cast our eyes down the list till we saw a name that looked like a good prospect: 'Colonel Appleby Pemberton, Leesburg, Virginia.'

"That looks good to me," said Jim. "Those Southerners will fall for anything. We'll try him. His number is 214."

"We found his room and I knocked on the door.

"'C'mon in, suh,' said a voice mellow with age. 'Open the door.'

"There, seated in a large chair sat Colonel Pemberton with white flowing hair and neat goatee.

"'Yo gentlemen sit right down and make yo'self comfortable,' he said, as soon as we came through the door.

"Jim broke in on the man's speech. 'Excuse me, Colonel, we're looking for a job with lots of action if you have one. Sid Grant,' he looked at me, 'and I have done nearly everything, but now we're down and out. We're willing to do most anything you ask of us. Can you use us?'

The Colonel jumped to his feet. 'Suhs, yo' is just who Ah'm lookin' fo'. He sat down again and produced a roll of bills which he waved temptingly in our faces. 'Ah'm runnin' for mayor o' mah home town, and Ah'm willin' to pay any amount to get elected. Yo' see, it's quite an honor.' He swelled his chest. 'Suhs, the Appleby Pembertons are quite a big family in Leesburg.'

"Yes," said Jim dryly, as he surveyed the Colonel's massive frame. 'I can see that.'

"He asked us our names, then he handed the roll of bills to Jim. 'Ah'm stayin' heah in New Yawk to see the doctor. Yo' two gentlemen go down there and if Ah'm elected Ah'll reward yo' both handsomely. If yo' need any more money just wire me,' he said as we tripped lightly through the door on our way to Virginia.



NINTH GR

"In two days we landed on the little wooden platform which a sign proclaimed: 'Leesburg.' We had formed our campaign plans on board train. We'd have bonfire rallies, barbecues, and everything that would turn votes to our good old Colonel. Jim was nigh on to starting a revolution to get this Southern gentlemen elected. Neither one of us forgot that we were to get paid handsomely if we put him over in high style.

"We hired an old Ford and rattled down the main street; found where the local gathering place was and started to work.

"The town looked as if it had been asleep since the Civil War.

"We established our headquarters in a room above the sheriff's office (of all places!) and proceeded to elect Colonel Pemberton. We sure spent the money on barbecues, cigars, and ourselves. Within four days we had spent the Colonel's money and I wired him for more. He sent it with a telegram: 'Make it last; there isn't much more.' This didn't worry us for we had made progress. During this time we had learned everyone's name and we considered this quite an accomplishment—with all the 'Colonels' to remember.

"The night before the election Jim and I sat in our office, when Jim said 'Let's go over and have a game of pool.' We sat down and lit our campaign cigars while we waited for some of the players to vacate a table.

"Jim lit his rope and then said, 'We ought to win by about twenty-five votes.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I think Somers is about ready to concede us the election.'

"Just then one of the pool players, a tall, lanky fellow stopped to chalk his cue.

"'I don't take much interest in politics,' he said as he looked at us, 'but aren't you fellows starting early?'

"'I don't think so,' I said, 'the election is tomorrow, isn't it?'

"The lanky fellow sat down and looked at us kind of funny then he said, 'Say didn't anybody tell yuh that the date had been changed tuh two weeks before you got here? I thought yuh were boomin' old Pemberton for the next election! I wondered if yuh was goin' to keep up such a hot pace till then.'

"I dropped my cigar on the floor. Jim bit through his. Neither of us said a word.

"Needless to say we took the five-fifty



GRADE CLASS

freight train out the next morning. Just now we're acting on this show-boat—it's the only work we can find. Say, have you got a cigar? We used up all our campaign ones."

John McLean, 7-1.

THE PRANCING RED HORSE TALKS

Ah, what a wonderful evening to spend at the Red Horse Inn. It looks so cheerful and cozy in the parlor with the cheery fire dancing away with her beautiful red tresses.

Just before supper this evening I attracted quite an interesting group of people by showing my red coat glistening in the sun. There were six very interesting people that came into the Inn this evening. A Student, very quiet and carrying many books, a Sicilian with a very long and pointed mustache and a deep olive complexion; a very old Spanish Jew who seemed to be deep in thoughts of his own; a Theologian was there too, whom I knew was just from school and very clever with his pen; a Poet, too, with a very tender look and made of gentle ways; last of all was the Musician who came in with a violin and case, probably intending

to play. The Landlord greeted all these in a very merry way, glad to see them and hoping they would stay.

The guests were very tired and hungry from their long journey they said. After a refreshing supper, they all gathered round in the parlor seeking warmth from the old fireplace.

Oh, the Landlord is speaking. I can hear him as there is a hole in the upper glass window. My word, it is a story of Paul Revere. The guests have agreed that he start the evening with a story.

The story sounds very exciting. I think I shall listen. I can picture Paul Revere riding in the dead of night with a fine horse for a companion. I almost feel like yelling and imitating Paul Rvere.

That was a very exciting story and I am very sleepy as I have been prancing on this piece of board all day. They who sit in the parlor around the fire do not realize it is so late; but I do. So I shall say, "good night" to you all.

Oh, such a dismal morning! It is raining as if it cannot stop. I am very worried about my red coat and beautiful mane. The guests are still in the Inn and are now tell-

ing more stories as it is very warm and comfortable in there.

I shall not have time to listen as I have to try and attract more guests as the rain prevents one from seeing me very clearly.

The day passed so quickly I did not have time to do anything and all I attracted was one lonely stranger. So again I shall go to sleep.

My, the Inn looks queer. All the guests are hustling and bustling round. I have been watching them for ten minutes and now they are coming out. The Landlord does not seem happy to see them go. He is probably wondering the same as I, where they are going and if they will return. So I shall also say, "Goodbye."

Bernadette Buckley, 8-1.

A COTTON GIN

There was a buzz of conversation in the cotton field cut short by a hoarse, harsh voice yelling, "Get to work, you lazy niggers. Here you, get this cotton to the mill." Then the sharp crack of the whip was heard against flesh.

For a while there was a death-like silence; then Aunt Ginny muttered, "Why can't he let us alone?" The "he" was the overseer.

For a while the silence continued, then Dinah broke it by saying, "Do you think it will work?"

"Just you wait and see, honey," chuckled old Aunt Ginny. They were talking about the cotton gin that was invented by Ely Whitney in 1794.

Two months later Aunt Ginny and Dinah were standing beside a cotton gin. "Who'd have thought he'd buy us one?" murmured Dinah, touching it nervously. "Why, we're the first negroes around here to get one!"

"Well, you see," said Aunt Ginny, "by getting a cotton gin, he can get twice as much work done." Soon a smile brightened her round face as she said, "Honey, you sure are lucky working in the shade instead of in the boiling sun. Why, when I was a girl," and Aunt Ginny was off on another tale of her childhood.

Johanna Johnson, 9-4.

A HEROIC DEED

One day last summer my dog Honey and I decided to go swimming by ourselves. Honey is a very good swimmer and loves the water. When we got there Honey dashed into the water and I went in after her. I started swimming out to a raft when I noticed Honey was swimming out to me very fast and barking very ferociously at me. She caught up with me and started pulling my bathing suit and nearly ducking me. I said to her, "Honey, you stop that or else I will tie you up on the beach."

She didn't mind me so I swam to shore and tied her to a post and went out for another swim. I saw that Honey was pulling and biting at the rope trying to get to me.

A man came by and saw how she wanted to get loose and untied her.

She swam out to me and pulled me by the bathing suit in to shore. I was very angry and started to give her a good scolding when the man spoke up and said, "You have a mighty good dog, little girl. Do you know why she pulled you in like that?"

I said, "No."

He said, "If you had gone any farther you would have drowned because there is quick sand and such a current that you couldn't have stood the pull. Your dog knew that and knew you were in great danger."

I felt very ashamed of myself and also very proud of my wonderful dog. I said to her, "Honey, you have saved my life and I will never forgive myself for scolding you."

She wagged her beautiful tail and put her paw in my lap for me to pat her.

I said to her, "How would you like to go home and have a nice big bone?"

She jumped up and was very excited at hearing the word bone mentioned.

We went home feeling very happy. I decided that I would never again scold Honey when she tried to keep me from doing something; but instead I would obey her.

Margaret Clough, 7-4.

HOW THE COOK HELPED

Amidst the sound of whistles Captain Henry's show-boat approached the harbor of Memphis, Tennessee. As Captain Henry looked out over the waters a small rowboat was seen coming toward him. A man came up and walked across the deck toward Cap-

tain Henry. He was dressed in a plain, homespun suit and a black, broad-brimmed hat. He showed the Captain a badge on his vest and said, "Sir, I am the sheriff of this town and I'm not allowed to let show-boats appear here till the people take a vote to allow it. You see, it's this way. So many show-boats land here that if we let them all put on their show it would put our own shows out of business."

Captain Henry looked at the other man in amazement.

"I understand, but how long will it take before I can know the decision?" he asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the sheriff. "You can wait here till tomorrow and I'll let you know." With this the sheriff left.

Quickly the news traveled around the ship. Everyone heard it, including the cook, Steve Winters, and his wife who were preparing the mid-day meal in the galley.

"I wish we could help the Captain and the folks out," said Steve. "Haven't you a sister here in Memphis who is in high society? She could help us out."

"But I don't understand how she could help us," his wife replied.

"Well," said old Steve, "if your sister is for Captain Henry putting on his show here, all her friends will be for it, too. Then the Captain can put it on."

"I'll see if I can persuade her," said his wife. "No, you better go."

That night old Steve lowered a small boat into the dark muddy waters of the Mississippi and rowed slowly to the shore. With the help of a small boy whom he met on the street, he soon found Mrs. Theodore Hilton's house. A tall man dressed in uniform showed him in and went to get Mrs. Holton. When she saw Steve she seemed very pleased. He told her of his mission.

Then she said to him, "I'll be very glad to help you and your friends. I am running a dance tonight, and I shall tell my friends of your show. We will try to help you."

Steve thanked her and went back to the show-boat. Soon the good news spread over the boat and the next night they were allowed to put on their show. It was a big success thanks to Steve Winters, the old cook, on Captain Henry's show-boat.

Albert Cobb, 7-2.

THE MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE

One dark, foggy night my brothers and I were alone in the house. My mother had gone out to visit her friend and my young brother Paul was asleep. My brother Hugh and I were doing our homework when we heard a tap at the door. I got up from my chair and went to answer the knock. At first I only saw the dark, still night. Then I looked on the steps and there was a large, white package. I looked around, but no one was near. I called my brother and pointed to the package.

Hugh said, "Well, what are you standing there for? Why don't you get it?"

I answered in a trembling tone, "All right, I'll get it." My knees were trembling beneath me. When I picked it up a rattling tone came from it. I dropped it and ran to my brother. We looked at each other dumbfounded.

My brother said, "You get the hammer and I will get my baseball bat."

When we returned with our weapons my brother went slowly toward the package and picked it up on the end of the bat. He took it into the house and laid it gently on the table.

After a moment of thought I said, "Hugh, you take the knife and open it and I will have the bat ready in case anything happens."

He hesitated at first, then he slowly picked up the knife and opened the package very cautiously. He took off seven sheets of paper one by one, and we saw an empty tomato can with a note on which read: "From your friends."

We started to laugh and did not stop until our sides pained.

John Eramo, 7-3.

OLD JOE

We were all seated comfortably on our little chairs and stools near the large open fireplace waiting for Old Joe.

Old Joe was a queer looking person with big blue eyes. His hair was snow white and he had very dark skin.

It was Saturday night and Saturday night was story-telling night for us.

All of the children were present and trying to think of what kind of story Old Joe was going to tell. Soon in came Old Joe.

"Hallo thar, chillun. How's ya all dis evenin'?"

"Fine—fine," we all said in a chorus that could be heard several houses away.

"Wal, what kind o' story das ya all want to hear tonight? Does ya all want to hear 'bout my first trip on a show-boat?"

"Oh, yes, please tell us, Old Joe. We've never heard a story about a show-boat—at least I haven't," replied a little golden-haired child about nine years of age.

"Wal—it was dis way," started Old Joe, and he told his story and didn't finish until the little cuckoo clock on the wall was striking nine.

The children liked to hear Old Joe tell stories, for he made them seem as though the stories had come true right before their own eyes.

As the children sat there thinking of the story, Old Joe said, "Wal, chilluns, I's afraid I won't be able to tell ya any mo' stories."

"Why?" came a cry from the children.

"Wal," said Old Joe, "I's going back to my old plantation in the South."

For about five minutes nobody made a sound, but just looked at Old Joe as tears started to come to their eyes.

In a few days we went to the wharf to see Old Joe off. I never saw so many tears and sad smiles in all my life. As a surprise to Old Joe we all brought him some beautiful flowers, for flowers were his best friends.

As a surprise gift to us, he presented us with a big book containing true stories of the South.

Olive White, 9-5.

TALKATIVE WOMEN

This story takes place in the time and age when animals could talk and just before the loss of their power of speech.

"Hello, Mrs. Wolfgang," called Mrs. Dogface.

"Oh! hello," cried Mrs. Wolfgang who had been walking through the forest.

"Why don't you come in to visit me?" inquired Madam Dogface.

"I think I shall," replied Mrs. Wolfgang.

"Well, how is Mr. Wolfgang and all of the children getting along?" asked Mrs. Dogface.

"Everyone is well except Tiny, Willy,

Sister Betty, and Freddy," said anxious Mother Wolfgang.

"That's too bad, what's the matter with them?" interrogated Mrs. Dogface.

"Tiny has a cold, and Willy caught it from him. Sister has a sore throat. I think she will get scarlet fever. Betty has broken her little finger. She did it while playing with one of the Kitty-cat family. Freddy skinned his leg while climbing a tree. Otherwise everyone is all right," returned Mrs. Wolfgang.

"That lays up almost everyone, doesn't it?" asked Mrs. Dogface.

"Yes, it does," Mrs. Wolfgang replied, "and how is your family getting along?"

"Oh everyone is fine except Baby Lou. She is cutting a tooth," answered Mrs. Dogface, with a smile.

"I think I shall be toddling along," said Mrs. Wolfgang, who did not want to get. Mrs. Dogface started talking about Baby Lou, who was her mother's favorite child. Mrs. Dogface would talk all day about her if given a chance.

At home that night Mrs. Wolfgang said to her husband, "I was in to see Mrs. Dogface today."

"Yes?" said Mr. Wolfgang.

"Yes, and can that woman talk!" exclaimed Mrs. Wolfgang.

"Well, why did you go in, you know what she is like," replied Mr. Wolfgang.

"I had to, to be courteous," responded Mrs. Dogface.

"Oh did you?" asked Mr. Dogface.

"Yes, I did," cried Mrs. Dogface.

"Why?" ventured Mr. Dogface.

And so they argued far into the night.

Ina Milne, 9-2

A MOANING GHOST

On a lonely road away out in the country stood a large house. Years ago it might have been called a mansion, but now the paint was peeling from the sides and everything was old and broken. The grass looked as though it had not been cut for years and the large garden was full of weeds. The few flowers were not their usual color, but pale and they were drooping so that their heads touched the hard earth beneath. The shutters were broken and some were hanging by only one rusty hinge.

It was said that on every stormy night there could be heard a loud moan coming from the house. People called it the "Moaning ghost."

One stormy day, Judy and her brother Dick were passing the house when suddenly Judy clutched her brother's sleeve and turned a deadly white.

"The moaning ghost," she whispered. "Dick, I'm frightened," and she moved closer to him.

"This is all foolishness," he said, "but just for the fun of it let's creep in and see who this 'moaning ghost' is."

Judy, after hesitating a little, agreed. They crept in very softly through the front door and found themselves in a huge reception hall.

"I think the sounds came from upstairs," Dick said. "Come on follow me, but be quiet."

Judy followed her brother upstairs, going very softly on her toes, but the stairs were old and creaked loudly.

Shortly both children stopped. From one of the rooms came a figure. It was very thin and was no bigger than Judy. Its hair was long and untidy while the clothes were dirty, patched, and ragged.

Dick motioned Judy to follow because he dared not speak lest the figure should hear them. With Judy hanging onto him, Dick crept slowly along. He had not gone more than a few feet when the "ghost" suddenly turned and began to run back to the room from where it had come. It bumped into Dick and tried to run away but Dick held it fast.

"Have you a match or something?" he asked Judy.

"I have my flashlight with me," and she handed it to him.

He flashed it on the "ghost" and played it up and down.

"Why it's a girl!" exclaimed Judy. And indeed it was.

After a hurried explanation Dick said to her, "You'd better come home with us and tell us the whole story."

When they arrived home, the girl began her story.

"My mother died when I was a baby and father married shortly after, but then he died. We lived in that house very happily until my step-mother found out that father had left me more money than he had her. You see, my father was very rich. I wasn't going to let her have my money so I thought I'd play 'ghost' and frighten her away. She went to town one stormy day and came back very late. It was still raining hard and I moaned loudly and when I looked out of the window I saw her running away and waving her arms." Here she stopped and laughed. "I have the money with me now," and she produced a large roll of bills.

"This went on for six months and then I read in the paper that she had died. It was fun playing ghost so I've been doing it ever since."

The next morning they all awoke with the feeling that something nice was going to happen. After breakfast the girl who said her name was Ann Wentworth said that she had to go back to the old house, but she would visit them often. She pulled out some money to give them for their trouble when a white slip of paper fell to the floor. Judy picked it up and handed it to Ann. It was from her father and read, "My sister, May Wentworth, went away for a trip and somehow got lost. Our family has never been able to locate her since. If you find anyone with that name, please show her this letter. I have enclosed a picture of myself and you."

"Wh-why, that's Aunt May. She told us about you and about her brother," cried Judy.

"Then you're our cousin," shouted Dick and they ran to tell the good news to their aunt.

A few weeks later if you looked at the old house you would have found everything changed. The house had been painted and the grass cut. In the garden were beautiful flowers in bloom and weeds were nowhere to be seen. Aunt May, Judy, Dick, and Ann went to live in this grand house and they were very rich and living in great style, but the main thing was that everyone was happy.

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

The performance went on because Jane was too good a little sport to let the show-boat troupe down. Jane was the lead in the first singing and dancing performance and she was ill. Her head ached, her feet felt heavy, and her eyes lacked their usual sparkly shine; yet Jane sang and danced, and looked her very best. The Captain said he had never seen such a crowd. "We'll make a mint," he was heard to declare.

Everything went fine until the last moment, then just as the curtain rang down, Jane fainted. A doctor came hurrying in and called, "Get some water." Water was brought and Jane was revived. The doctor pronounced her illness pneumonia. "I don't know how she lasted as long as she did," he said. Jane was put to bed and everyone was kind to her because she had proven herself a real trouper by going on with the show when she wasn't able to do so.

Johanna Johnson, 9-4.

MARK TWAIN

"Mark Twain," or Samuel Clemens which is his real name, was born in a little town on the banks of the Mississippi River. His parents were by no means wealthy and he received little education. When he was about twenty-one he obtained a job on an old side wheeler as pilot. Clemens was very happy on this old boat and it was there that he wrote his famous stories, "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," and others. At a certain depth of the river the pilot would call "Mark Twain." That is how he chose it for his pen name.

Norman Haley, 8-1.

"BOYS' LIFE OF MARK TWAIN"

"The Boys' Life of Mark Twain" by Alfred Bigelow Paine is a biography of Samuel Clemens from his birth in 1835 up till the time of his death in 1910.

The life of Mark Twain may be divided into three parts, namely: His early days from birth till twenty-five; his traveling age from twenty-five till forty, and his period of writings from forty-five years to his death.

This biography is not merely a matter-of-fact book of dates and dry notes, but more a book which relates in a humorous way Twain's trials, joys, and sorrows.

In a small town in Missouri bordering the Mississippi, Samuel Clemens was born in 1835. At the age of ten when most young people start dreaming of their future occupation, Mark Twain, like all other young boys of that period, was ambitious to become a steamboat pilot.

At the early age of twenty-five he became a cub-pilot or assistant on a paddle-wheel steamer. Mark Twain had a restless, roving spirit and after being a pilot for two years, he gave up his job with the intentions of visiting Chicago. After visiting the city, he started to roam the world and see the sights he had so long desired to see.

He returned to Chicago thirteen years later and obtained work in a Chicago printing business. He read many books and met refined people, and it was due to these facts that he became an author. After lecturing on his extensive travels, he settled down to write.

His first book, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" was a grand success. Two of his most famous books are "Tom Sawyer and "Huckleberry Finn."

When Mark Twain died he was a man who had obtained honorary degrees from the great universities of United States and Europe; a man who was loved, honored, and respected by his own countrymen.

For the class of readers who enjoy wholesome, humorous literature I recommend Alfred Paine's "Boys' Life of Mark Twain." This book may be obtained from our own school library.

David Dunn, 9-2.

"SHANTY-BOAT"

"Shanty-Boat" by Kent and Margaret Lighty is really the log of a journey down the Mississippi. The principal characters are the Skipper and the Mate. The story takes place about 1929.

The story is very exciting; for example, when the "ark" hits a storm on Lake Pilkin and also when the crew put in to a town where many actors and actresses had their beginning. There they meet one of our famous actors whom we all know.

This book is very interesting and is not like the usual class and of non-fiction. It is also very helpful in acquainting the reader with facts about the Mississippi.

Otis A. Wood, Jr., 9-2.

"A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT"

So you want a book that is different, do you? Step right up and take Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." In my opinion one of the drollest, most ludicrous books ever written.

The story, written in the first person, takes one back to the days of knights and the days of King Arthur and his round table.

Our hero, and incidentally our wise-cracker, has a very bright way of looking at life. He is knocked unconscious in Connecticut, and taken from the nineteenth century back to the fifth!

He still maintains his nineteenth century ideas and is shocked at the state of affairs he finds himself in.

While wandering around the country side, he becomes tired so he sits down under a tree. Immediately he is captured by one of King Arthur's Knights.

Read the book and follow him in his adventures.

Virginia Campbell, 8-3.

THE BETSY ANN

"The Log of the Betsy Ann" by Frederick Way, Jr., is a book containing colorful stories of one of the several vanishing frontiers in America. The events take place when the "Betsy Ann" is "steamboatin'" down the Ohio River. The principal character is the jovial Captain G. Greene, captain of the "Betsy Ann."

One of the most vivid and exciting scenes in the whole boat is a race between the "Betsy Ann" and the steamboat "Chris Greene." The "Betsy Ann" loses and forfeits her most cherished possession, a set of golden antlers. This set has been held by the "Betsy Ann" during many previous races, so one can imagine what an exciting race this last one was.

It is a book chock full of humor and excitement. Its events will live in your memory a long time.

Ruth Burns, 9-1.

Kenneth Howe, 9-1.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

About sixty-odd years ago, an English mathematician, Charles Dodgson, wrote out in long hand for a little girl who was a friend and neighbor of his, the famous fantastic nursery tale, "Alice in Wonderland." Incidentally, this little girl was named Alice. He wrote it because he liked her very much.

The whole story is based on Alice's dream. She is taken to "Wonderland" where she meets Mad Hatter, March Hare, White King, Red Queen, Little Joker, Queen of Hearts, White Knight, Tweedle-Dum, Tweedle-Dee, and many others.

This book which was really written for a child has always been enjoyed just as much by adults.

Recently it was made into a moving picture talkie directed by Norman McLeod. Most all the famous stars volunteered to do the parts, even though they were very small ones. They did this because of their liking for this most fantastic, sentimental nursery tale.

Dorothy Norrie, 8-6.

NEW BOOKS IN OUR LIBRARY

This year we have had some of the finest books in our library. The following are a few of the latest:

- "Jo Ann, Tomboy"
- "In My Zoo"
- "Katrinka van Ost and the Silver Rose"
- "Jane Hope"
- "His Excellency and Peter"
- "Carpenter's Tool Chest"
- "Child's History of Art"
- "Felita"
- "Durandal"
- "Kirdy"
- "Rhodes of The 94th"
- "Big Canoe"
- "Digging in the Southwest"
- "Skyscraper"
- "Roundabout America"
- "Get-a-way and Harry Janoe"
- "Giff and Stiff in the South Seas"
- "Story of Beowulf"
- "New Land"
- "African Shadows"
- "Story of Earth and Sky"
- "Naked Mountain"
- "Pop Warner's Book for Boys"
- "Heroes and Hazards"

Bertha Zack, 9-3 .

SCHOOL CENSUS

Bernard Adler, 9-1		Elizabeth Broadford, 9-3	"Bess"
"Swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."		Glee Club, Basketball, Slug.	
John Alexander, 9-2	"Chin"	"Am I my sister's keeper?"	
Wantoreadit Club.		John Broadford, 9-7	
"Chess is a man's game."		Art Club.	
Rouzia Ameen, 9-3	"Ramsy"	"Easy come, easy go—let the world roll on."	
Glee Club, Slug, Basketball.		Louise Broadford, 9-3	"Lou"
"Such joy ambition finds."		Glee Club, Basketball, Slug.	
Elvin Arnold, 9-7	"Buck"	"Am I my sister's keeper?"	
Athletic Club, Soccer, Basketball.		Anna E. Brown, 9-3	
"They say miracles are fast."		Art Club.	
Mary A. Artese, 9-3	"Leasy"	"Youth is wholly experimental."	
Glee Club, Slug, Basketball.		Elizabeth Brown, 9-3	"Lizzie"
"Anything for a quiet life."		Stagecraft Club, Basketball, Slug.	
Geraldine Avery, 9-3	"Gerry"	"Please repeat!"	
Student Council, Slug, Basketball.		William Brown, 9-3	"Willy"
"Light is her hair, light is her heart."		Science Club.	
Clayton Baker, 9-3		"Much may be made of a Scotchman if he is caught young enough."	
Athletic Club.		Joseph M. Buckley, 9-1	"Joe"
"I criticize, but call me not a critic."		"That dull drudgery at desk's dead wood."	
Joseph Banuk, 9-3	"Joe"	Ruth E. Burns, 9-1	"Ruthie"
Leaders' Club.		Leaders' Club, Slug, Basketball.	
"Silence is golden."		"A merry lass with willing heart."	
Theresa Barba, 9-3	"Tessie"	William T. Butt, 9-1	
Glee Club, Slug, Basketball, Tennis.		Glee Club, Executive Council.	
"A kind and gentle heart she has."		"His words like many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command."	
Elsie Baxter, 9-3		Marina Calabro, 9-3	"Rusty"
Student Council, First Floor Councillor, Slug, Basketball.		Glee Club, Basketball, Slug.	
"A merry lass with winning ways."		"Principle is ever my motto."	
Shirley C. Bean, 9-1		Adeline Calderone, 9-3	"Lena"
Stagecraft Club, Library Staff.		Iron Novelty Club.	
"The best life is a quiet life."		"Famous for her shadow."	
Harriet Beers, 9-3	"Beans"	Jessie Cameron, 9-3	
Iron Novelty Club.		Leaders' Club, Basketball, Slug, Cheer Leader.	
"Famous for her shadow."		"A willing heart."	
Eloise Blaisdell, 9-3	"Ella"	Myra Campbell, 9-3	"Scotty"
Art Club, Slug, Basketball.		Leaders' Club, Basketball, Cheer Leader..	
"Wit and wisdom are born in a man."		"The very breath of Scotland."	
Althea Blanchard, 9-3	"Al"	Margaret Carmody, 9-1	"Peggy"
Iron Novelty Club, Library Staff.		Glee Club, Orchestra, Basketball, Slug.	
"Words are women, deeds are men."		"Let a man talk long enough, he will get believers."	
Jean Blanchette, 9-3		June Catler, 9-1	
Glee Club, Basketball.		Iron Novelty Club, Library Staff, Slug.	
"It's clever, but it's art."		"This is the long and short of it."	
Rose Bookman, 9-3	"Rosie"	Sybil Catler, 9-3	
Journalism Club, Library Staff, Slug, Basketball.		Iron Novelty Club.	
"Always merry, never sad."		"Be silent and be safe—silence never betrays you."	
Theodore Brandolini, 9-4		Naney Chella	"Nan"
Science Club, Basketball.		Novelty Club, Library Staff, Slug.	
"A right merry little man."		"Away with all delay."	
Sidney Brick, 9-1	"Seedna"	Joseph Chepetsky, 9-6	
Gymnastic Club.		Stagecraft Club.	
"Rome was not built in a day."		"Patience—and shuffle the cards!"	

Paul Clifford, 9-1	"Pauly"	Ferdinand DeNicola, 9-1	"Pete"
"He reads to be through before he is started."		Student Council, Soccer, Basketball.	
Rose Comi, 9-3	"Rosie"	"'Tis as cheap sitting as standing."	
Glee Club.		Lucey R. DeMeo, 9-3	"Lu"
"The mirror of all courtesy."		Glee Club.	
Salvatore Comparato, 9-7	"Compy"	"Silence is golden."	
Athletic Club, Basketball, Soccer, Baseball.		Nancy M. DeThomaso, 9-4	
"Oh for a piece of cheese!"		Novelty Club.	
James Conaghan, 9-5	"Jimmie"	"The laborer is worthy of her reward."	
Orchestra.		Esther D'Entremont, 9-4	
"Report me and my cause aright."		Novelty Club, Basketball, Slug.	
Richard Connolly, 9-3	"Dick"	"Little said is soonest mended."	
Stagecraft Club.		Dora M. Deveau, 9-7	
"If I had been a bear, I would have bitten you."		Glee Club, Basketball, Slug.	
Joseph Contrino, 9-3	"Jiggs"	"All things come on to him who will but wait."	
Garden and Nature Club.		Dorothy M. DeYoung, 9-7	"Dot"
"Thank you for nothing."		Novelty Club, Basketball, Slug.	
Edward Costello, 9-3	"Eddy"	"There is no wisdom like frankness."	
Want-to-Makem Club.		William F. DeYoung, 9-7	
"He who blushes is not quite a brute."		Nature and Science Club, Basketball, Soccer.	
John Costello, 9-1	"Jack"	"I am here, I shall remain here."	
Orchestra.		Marion DiFazio, 9-7	
"Clever men are good, but they are not always the best."		Knitting Club, Traffic, Basketball.	
Victoria Cresfolli, 9-3	"Vic"	"A wise head makes a closed mouth."	
Glee Club, Traffic Chief, Slug.		Jeanne Dialogue, 9-7	"Pinkie"
"Keep to the right and you will never be left."		Knitting Club, Basketball, Tennis, Slug.	
Agnes Creutz, 9-4	"Aggie"	"There is no mistake, there has been no mistake, and there shall be no mistake."	
Novelty Club, Basketball.		Marion J. DiLoreto, 9-4	"Annie"
"Life is a bubble that breaks unannounced."		Glee Club.	
Rita Crotty, 9-4		"No man is born wise."	
Novelty Club, Traffic.		Alfred DiNardo, 9-2	"Denver"
"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."		Leaders' Club, Basketball, Soccer.	
Henry Crowley, 9-3		"Happy as I, from care I'm free.	
Science Club.		"Why aren't they all content like me?"	
"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."		Joseph A. DiNicola, 9-4	"Jo"
Bernice Cutler, 9-1		Glee Club.	
Leaders' Club, Basketball, Baseball.		"Habit is a second nature."	
"For there was never yet a philosopher that could endure a toothache patiently."		Eunice A. DiSalvio, 9-4	
Martha A. Dahl, 9-4		Novelty Club.	
Novelty Club, Chief of Library Staff.		"As quiet as a church Mouse."	
"Man, false man; smiling, destructive man."		Constantino DiTullio, 9-7	"Andy"
Ralph Dalziel, 9-1	"Dizzy"	Glee Club, Basketball.	
Orchestra.		"As innocent as a new laid egg."	
"His gaunt frame worn with toil."		George E. Dixon, 9-4	
Joseph D'Angelo, 9-7	"Jiggs"	Glee Club.	
Art Club, Basketball.		"Survivor of the fittest."	
"Watch your right."		Anne M. Dolan, 9-1	
Lindsey Dauphinee, 9-3	"Duaph"	Glee Club, Basketball, Slug.	
Want-to-Makem Club, Basketball, Soccer.		"Live while you may."	
"He who appreciateth the fairer sex."		John J. Driscoll, 9-1	"Chubby"
Harriet F. Davies, 9-4		Leaders' Club, Soccer, Basketball, Baseball,	
Iron Novelty Club.		Orchestra.	
"Waste not fresh tears over old griefs."		"Hear me for I will speak."	
		David W. Dunn, 9-2	"Wyoming"
		"A clown is sage's clothing."	

Janet Easton, 9-1	"Jan"	Max W. Goldberg, 9-1	"Tack"
Leaders' Club, Orchestra, Slug, Basketball. "Knowledge is power—Nam et ipsa scientia potestis est."		Soccer, Basketball, Baseball. "Even the worthy Homer sometimes nodded."	
Harry Elstob, 9-1		George Gorachy, 9-7	
Journalism Club. "How hard it is to make an Englishman acknowledge that he is happy."		Nature and Garden Club. "Oh sleep, it is a gentle thing."	
Alice B. Evans, 9-1	"Ginger"	Anna Gould, 9-4	"Annie"
Leaders' Club, Slug, Basketball, Baseball. "Her speech is like a burning fire."		Novelty Club, Orchestra. "Anything for a quiet life."	
John P. Fagan, 9-3		Adela Gramzio, 9-4	"Dell"
Science Club, Basketball. "He'll get by with a twinkle in his eye."		Glee Club. "I have never regretted my silence."	
Joseph J. Fitzpatrick, 9-6	"Baron"	Americo P. Gramazio, 9-4	"Rico"
Science Club, Basketball. "Time is a great doctor."		Stagecraft Club, Basketball. "Enough is as good as a feast."	
Richard H. Fleischer, 9-2	"Dick"	Ernest F. Greer, 9-4	"Ernie"
Gymnastic Club, Orchestra, Class President. "The brave deserve the lovely—every woman may be won."		Leaders' Club. "Better late than never."	
Virginia A. Fleischer, 9-1	"Short"	Edward J. Hackett, 9-4	"Zip"
Glee Club. "How sweet her voice rings out from the loft."		School President, Student Council, Basketball. "Men of few words are the best."	
Lorraine M. Flynn, 9-7	"Lorry"	Ruth J. Hallberg, 9-7	
Knitting Club, Basketball. "Number please."		Knitting Club. "We all live too much in a circle."	
Richard Foley, 9-3	"Dick"	Hanna Hamill, 9-1	
Glee Club, Orchestra. "A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."		Glee Club, Slug, Basketball. "Gentle of speech full of good intentions."	
Eugene F. Forsythe, 9-3	"Gene"	Robert Hanna, 9-7	
Stagecraft Club. "As innocent as a new laid egg."		Science Club. "He is full of good intentions."	
Constantine Franchuk, 9-7	"Connie"	Victor F. Hanson, 9-4	"Vic"
Science Club, Orchestra, Basketball. "I am resolved to grow tall."		Glee Club. "Why should life all labor be."	
Enrico Gangi, 9-2	"Rico"	Albert Happel, 9-3	"Happy"
Glee Club. "Old men must die or the world would soon grow mouldy."		Leaders' Club. "Is my hair still red?"	
Virginia Galbraith, 9-1	"Ginger"	Virginia I. Hartrey, 9-7	
"Toil is the law of life and its best fruit."		Glee Club, Basketball. "Good nature is an asset."	
Thomas Gill, 9-3	"Gilly"	William C. Henderson, 9-7	"Hendy"
Science Club. "Jack shall pipe and Gill shall dance."		"Men's life is but a jest."	
Margaret F. Gillies, 9-4	"Peggy"	Laurice E. Higgs, 9-2	
Glee Club. "I will sit down now and rise later."		"Wait, thou child of hope, for time shall bring thee all things."	
Stewart C. Glenercross, 9-4	"Stewie"	Henry H. Holden, 9-4	"Hank"
Leaders' Club, Soccer. "Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry."		Leaders' Club. "When found make note of."	
Elinor M. Glynn, 9-4	"El"	Dorothea Holland, 9-5	"Dot"
Novelty Club, Class Secretary, Slug, Basketball, Traffic. "He is no wise man that will quit a certainty for an uncertainty."		Glee Club. "Facts are stubborn things."	

Fred J. Infascelli, 9-1	"Infant"
Art Club, Soccer, Basketball.	
"Youth a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret."	
Helen Johnson, 9-4	"Nelly"
Novelty Club.	
"A merry lass."	
Johanna E. Johnson, 9-4	"Joan"
Journalism Club, Library Staff.	
"Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen."	
Matthew G. Johnson, 9-7	"Mattie"
Glee Club, Soccer.	
"I know not what I am nor what I may be."	
Virginia E. Johnson, 9-4	"Dixie"
Student Council, Traffic.	
"If I smell of good I must eat of it also."	
Louise N. Johnston, 9-1	"Lou"
Leaders' Club, Slug, Basketball.	
"Mark with blood the perfect man and not a drop you'll lose."	
Alfred T. Joly, 9-6	"Azzy"
Gymnastic Club.	
"I's wicked I is, I's mighty wicked but I can't help it."	
Frederick M. Jones, 9-4	"Freddie"
Science Club, Orchestra.	
"Well timed silence hath the eloquence of speech."	
Coleman Joyce, 9-4	"Joycie"
Journalism Club.	
"Ah me! Never hurry, life passes quickly enough!"	
Donald E. Kain, 9-1	"Killer"
Soccer.	
"What think you of killing time?"	
John P. Keeley, 9-7	"Mike"
Art Club, Basketball, Soccer.	
"I came, I saw, I conquered."	
Lawrence W. Kennedy, 9-1	"Yum"
Glee Club, Soccer, Basketball.	
"Who can wrestle against sleep?"	
Joseph Kerrigan, 9-4	"Joe"
Want-to-Makem Club, Executive Committee.	
"He walks as though on eggs."	
James King, 9-4	"Jim"
Athletic Club.	
"This is the last of the earth! I am content."	
Helen A. Knasas, 9-4	'Lee"
Glee Club.	
"Industrious people always find happiness."	
Annabel M. Koritsky, 9-1	"Rusty"
Leaders' Club, Basketball, Slug.	
"Tempt not the guillotine."	
Harry L. Kuperman, 9-2	"Ashe"
Library Staff, Basketball.	
"Such industry for a little man."	
Stanley Kyller, 9-7	"Fat"
Nature and Garden Club.	
"A bold, bad man."	
Mary Lahage, 9-5	
Stagecraft Club, Basketball, Slug.	
"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."	
Francis J. Lamb, 9-4	"Lambie"
Science Club.	
"Accidents will occur."	
Margaret Lane, 9-4	"Peg"
Novelty Club, Basketball.	
"Though this be madness, yet there is method in it."	
Benjamin Lathora, 9-7	"Benny"
Art Club.	
"Let the world slide."	
Beatrice Leonard, 9-5	"Bea"
Wantoreadit Club.	
"Let us live within our means even if we have to borrow money to do it with."	
Samuel Lomanno, 9-3	"Dago"
Gymnastic Club.	
"A merry little man is he."	
Frances L. London, 9-1	"Fran"
Stagecraft Club, Basketball.	
"The grass stops not, she treds on it so light."	
Genio Luciani, 9-7	"Peanuts"
Student Council.	
"Good sense and good nature are never separated."	
Genevieve Luongo, 9-4	
Novelty Club.	
"There is more to a book than a cover."	
Hugh Lusk, 9-1	"Hughie"
Journalism Club, Basketball, Orchestra.	
"I have other fish to fry."	
Gerald Lyons, 9-1	"Fat"
Glee Club.	
"Cheerful whenever you meet him."	
Pearl Manning, 9-5	"Blondie"
Leaders' Club, Traffic, Executive Council.	
"Not too serious, not too gay, but altogether a jolly good girl."	
Anne Marchesiani, 9-5	
Stagecraft Club, Traffic.	
"Quiet bringeth thoughts and thoughts."	
Patsy Marella, 9-5	"Dynamite"
Want-to-Makem Club, Basketball, Soccer.	
"Whence comest thou, oh child of mortality?"	
Victor Mariano, 9-5	"Vicky"
Want-to-Makem Club.	
"Cut and come again."	
Philomena Marinella, 9-5	"Phil"
Student Council, Traffic.	
"Cheerful whenever you meet her."	
Paul E. Mattila, 9-2	"Pauly"
Science Club, Library Staff, Basketball.	
"A wise son maketh a glad father."	
Virginia J. Mattina, 9-4	
Novelty Club, Traffic.	
"Let thy speech be better than silence or be silent."	

Henry D. Mattulina, 9-7	"Ham"	Shirley E. Morgan, 9-1
Wantoreredit Club, Basketball. "Hold the fort! I'm coming."		Glee Club, Basketball. "Good will is the mightiest practical force in the universe."
Helen McGarty, 9-5	"Mac"	Flora Mosecone, 9-5
Journalism Club, Orchestra, Traffic, Slug. "Industrious people are always happy."		"Flo" Novelty Club.
Mary McGuigan, 9-5	"Horace"	"I am monarch of all I survey."
Knitting Club, Basketball, Slug. "Size does not count."		John Mullaney, 9-5
Russell H. McGuirk, 9-2	"Toot"	"Jack" Student Council, Councillor-at-large. "A merry little man is he."
Orchestra. "Many smalls make a great."		Robert Mullen, 9-5
Roberta McKeen, 9-2		"Bob" Stagecraft Club. "Youth will have its fling."
Stagecraft Club. "Oh, for a day of rest."		Barbara Muir, 9-5
John D. McKenna, 9-5	"Jack"	"Cobbie" Leaders' Club, First Aid Chief, Traffic, Slug, Basketball. "In his own grease I made him fry."
Baseball. "We may with advantage at times forget what we know."		Nan Murdock, 9-5
Rita J. McManus, 9-7		Glee Club, Traffic, Basketball, Slug. "Short and sweet is she."
Glee Club, Basketball, Slug. "Vain is the help of man."		Francess Murphy, 9-2
Francis J. McNamara, 9-5		Baseball. "A joke's a very serious thing."
"Life is a blunder and a shame."		Mattia Napoli, 9-2
Elmus McNeil, 9-4	"Mac"	Basketball. "On with the frolic, the fun has just begun."
Wantoreredit Club. "As sober as a judge am I."		Julia Nash, 9-5
Janet McNeil, 9-5	"Nettie"	Leaders' Club, Basketball, Slug, Baseball. "My object all sublime I shall achieve in time."
Knitting Club, Traffic. "Look you, I am the most concerned in my own interests."		Ernest Nelson, 9-7
Virginia Meade, 9-5	"Jinnie"	"Nelly" Soccer, Basketball. "Play out the play."
Knitting Club. "Let the world slide, let the world go, A fig for a care and a fig for a woe."		Helen Nelson, 9-5
Nicholas Melchionna, 9-5	"Nicky"	Knitting Club, Traffic. "Am I my brother's keeper?"
Art Club, Baseball, Basketball. "Every man bath his business and his de- sire, such as it is."		David Newcomb, 9-7
George P. Mezzetti, 9-2	"Neno"	Nature and Garden Club. "Growth is the only evidence of life."
Leaders' Club. "A happy, carefree rogue."		Ruth E. Nourse, 9-2
Ina Milne, 9-2	"Shrimp"	"Noursie" Basketball. "A willing heart findeth all tasks easy."
Student Council, Basketball, Slug. "She's sweet and wise, we'll not mention size."		Joseph O'Leary, 9-5
Mary J. Mineo, 9-7		Science Club, Soccer. "Wheneva people agree with me, I always feel I must be wrong."
Knitting Club, Slug. "It is a world of startling possibilities."		Robert Oliver, 9-7
Robert Mitchell, 9-5	"Bob"	"Bob" Glee Club, Soccer, Basketball. "Oh call back yesterday, bid time return."
Wantoreredit Club. "Come out, my lord, it is but a world of fools."		Alfred Oliverio, 9-7
Doris E. Mitchelson, 9-2	"Mitch"	"Chick" Leaders' Club, Basketball. "Who says I'm not?"
"Food for thought comes not in dishes."		Nicolas Oliverio, 9-5
Tom Monaco, 9-5		"Nick" Athletic Club. "How we apples swim!"
Athletic Club, Basketball, Soccer, Baseball. "I 'spect I just growed."		Anthony Ostroski, 9-5
		"Yawny" Want-to-Makem Club, Basketball. "O sleep, it is a gentle thing."

- John A. Page, 9-3
 Athletic Club, Executive Council.
 "His face is his page, no announcement
 needs he."
- Catherine F. Palmisano "Kay"
 Novelty Club, Library Staff.
 "What? A woman speechless?"
- Michael Panoralli, 9-7
 Science Club, Soccer, Basketball, Baseball.
 "My mind's made up, you cannot change it."
- Antonio Paolucci, 9-5 "Tony"
 Art Club.
 "A man of the world, no doubt he'll be."
- Eugene Pasqualucci, 9-5 "Gene"
 Journalism Club.
 "Studious of ease and fond of humble
 things."
- Robert Pearson, 9-5
 Leaders' Club, Soccer, Basketball.
 "I criticize, but call me not a critic."
- John R. Peterson, 9-2 "Pete"
 "Oh, bring back my Latin to me."
- Catherine Piazza, 9-5 "Kay"
 Journalism Club, Library Staff.
 "Books and friends should be few but
 good."
- Joseph W. Pinel, 9-2 "Joe"
 "The very pineapple of politeness."
- Phyllis Pinel, 9-2 "Phil"
 Leaders' Club, Orchestra.
 "Fair words never hurt the tongue."
- Josephine Poliatti, 9-4 "Jo"
 Novelty Club.
 "I have no mockings or arguments; I wit-
 ness and wait."
- Josephine Pollara, 9-5 "Babe"
 Art Club, Traffic.
 "Circumstances alter cases."
- Dorothy Pompeo, 9-5 "Dotty"
 Knitting Club, Basketball, Slug.
 "It is a world of startling possibilities."
- Jenny Pompeo, 9-5 "Speed"
 Journalism Club, Slug, Basketball.
 "As fit as a fiddle."
- Louis T. Pompeo, 9-6 "Gejo"
 Nature and Garden Club.
 "Girls all cried, 'He's quiet'!"
- Gertrude I. Post, 9-6
 Novelty Club, Library Staff.
 "Each man reaps on his own farm."
- John W. Pringle, 9-6 "Pinky"
 Journalism Club.
 "Talk to him of Jacob's ladder and he would
 ask the number of steps."
- George Pugh, 9-5 "Freckles"
 Stagecraft Club.
 "The man that blushes in not quite a brute."
- Salvatore Pugliesi, 9-6 "Pal"
 Art Club.
 "'Twas good advice, and meant, my son, be
 good."
- Sarah C. Rae, 9-6 "Sally"
 Wantoreadit Club.
 "If you wish me to weep you must feel
 grief yourself."
- Mary A. Rahaim, 9-6
 Iron Novelty Club, Basketball.
 "Haste makes waste."
- Edna Reilly, 9-5
 Leaders' Club, Basketball.
 "Facts are stubborn things."
- Frances M. Ricker, 9-2 "Fran"
 Leaders' Club.
 "My country is the world; my countrymen,
 mankind."
- John D. Rigby, 9-2 "Riggie"
 Leaders' Club.
 "Who goeth a-borrowing, goeth a-sorrowing."
- Mary A. Romano, 9-6
 Knitting Club, Traffic, Slug, Basketball.
 "All things come round to him who will but
 wait."
- Urban A. Ross, 9-4
 Want-to-Makem Club.
 "He can put two and two together."
- Hugh J. Russel, 9-2 "Rusties"
 "If I can't pay, why I can owe."
- Frank Saluti, 9-7
 Athletic Club, Soccer, Basketball.
 "That would I, were I of all kingdoms king."
- Anthony Salvaggi, 9-6 "Bull"
 Glee Club, Soccer, Basketball, Baseball.
 "Cleverness seeks cleverness."
- Michael Salvaggi, 9-6
 Gymnastic Club, Baseball, Basketball.
 "No, I never read Shakespeare."
- Theodore Salvati, 9-6
 Art Club.
 "A man who knows the price of everything
 and the value of nothing."
- James T. Savage, 9-2 "Jimmy"
 Athletic Club.
 "His wit is more than man, his innocence a
 child."
- Eugene W. Seaver, 9-2 "Gene"
 "If chance will have me king, why chance
 may come to me."
- Lelio Serafini, 9-2 "Fat"
 Journalism Club, Orchestra, Basketball.
 "The cherub contemplation, he."
- Hilda Sheppard, 9-6 "Shorty"
 Wantoreadit Club.
 "I was never less alone than when by my-
 self."
- Stewart Sherriff, 9-6 "Baron"
 Leaders' Club, Basketball.
 "Boys will be boys."
- Ruth L. Simmons, 9-2
 Iron Novelty Club.
 "He knows most who speaks least."
- Jeanne Skeldon, 9-6 "Skelly"
 Glee Club, Basketball.
 "She looks as though butter would melt in
 her mouth."

Margaret Smith, 9-2 Novelty Club. "Your eyes are not silent."	"Peggy"	Sylvia Tolchinsky, 9-2 Stagecraft Club, Library Staff, Slug, Basketball. "Who is Sylvia?"	"Syl"
Marjorie Smith, 9-6 Student Council. "The innocent are gay."		Edward J. Trubiano, 9-6 Glee Club. "Look before you leap."	"Truby"
Stella Smith, 9-1 Iron Novelty Club, Basketball, Slug. "An agreeable person will agree with me if he is agreeable."		Robert M. Trubiano, 9-6 Art Club. "Better be idle than ill-employed."	"Rabi"
Lorraine Smollett, 9-6 Novelty Club, Basketball. "Young girls will be young girls."	"Red"	Jennie Vaccarelli, 9-6 Novelty Club, Traffic. "We may be personally defeated, but our principles never."	
Philip Sparrow, 9-1 Soccer, Basketball, Baseball. "All I know is that I don't know."	"Phil"	Helen Veno, 9-7 "I am myself the guardian of my honor."	
Nellie Solimini, 9-6 Knitting Club, Traffic, Basketball. "Brevity is a great charm of eloquence."	"Nellsy"	Clara B. Wallace, 9-6 Glee Club, Slug. "The secret of success is constancy to purpose."	
John Speredelozzi, 9-3 Want-to-Makem Club. "Though he comes here, it is sure his mind is elsewhere."	"Shum"	Rosanna Washburn, 9-6 Glee Club, Class Vice-President, Executive Council. "She was so generally civil that nobody thanked her for it."	"Tessy"
Gladys Sproule, 9-6 Novelty Club, Slug. "'Tut, tut, child,' said the Duchess."		Thomas V. Welch, 9-2 Glee Club. "An old man in youth's disguise."	"Professor"
Elizabeth A. Stawnuck, 9-5 Leaders' Club. "Do good; and then do it again."	"Betty"	John Wheble, 9-6 Want-to-Makem Club. "If you must fly, fly well."	"Jack"
Donald Stewart, 9-2 "He is of melancholy wit."	"Mike"	Olive White, 9-5 Journalism Club, Slug. "But cool reflection later came."	"Whitey"
Rita E. Stingley, 9-6 Journalism Club, Traffic. "Too many cooks spoil the broth."	"Rete"	Carolyn Whitehouse, 9-6 Journalism Club. "Men are governed by words."	
Marion St. John, 9-6 Knitting Club, Basketball, Slug. "Report me and my cause aright."	"Shrimp"	Fred W. Whittaker, 9-6 Wantoreadit Club, Basketball, Orchestra. "On the wings of borrowed wit I fly."	
Dorothy Stoler, 9-2 Stagecraft Club, Library Staff, Slug. "A penny for your thoughts."	"Dot"	Freida J. Wilson, 9-6 Glee Club. "Music softens pain to ease."	"Fred"
Josephine Swanson, 9-7 Glee Club, Basketball, Slug. "It can't be nature, for it is not sense."		Norma Wolf, 9-2 Leaders' Club, Orchestra. "For the more one knows, the more worthy she is."	
Russell J. Sweeney, 9-6 Science Club. "Memory, the warden of the brain."	"Dutch"	Otis Wood, 9-2 "Sweet simplicity."	"Woodsie"
Emily M. Thibodeau, 9-6 Novelty Club. "Blushing is virtue's color."		Merton S. Wright, 9-7 Science and Nature Club, Basketball, Soccer. "Deadly serious to appearance."	"Merty"
Laura Thiboutot, 9-7 Basketball, Slug, Baseball. "Did you ever have measles and if so how many?"		Bertha M. Zack, 9-3 Journalism Club, Library Staff. "The love of books requires neither justification, apology, nor defense."	
Georgette Thomas, 9-6 Iron Novelty Club, Slug, Basketball. "Nothing can bring you peace but yourself."		Anna Zaporetsky, 9-7 Leaders' Club, Basketball, Slug. "Laughter is a cure for every ill."	"Brownie"
Nellie Tocchio, 9-6 Wantoreadit Club. "Honest labor bears a lovely face."		Stacia Zaporetsky, 9-7 Glee Club, Basketball, Baseball. "I know a trick worth two of that."	"Sta"
Sestino Tocchio, 9-7 Glee Club, Basketball. "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."	"Sesty"		

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1934

Chapter I.

It was in the year 1944 that I decided, during my weeks of well earned vacation, to take a tour of the country. Early one morning I started out bag in hand for the Quincy station.

"Taxi, taxi, Lady, want a taxi?" greeted me as I stepped off the curb. The voice held an old familiar ring, and I looked at the driver and was not very surprised to see John Costello because I had heard of his going into the taxi business. I noticed that even then he chewed gum just as he used to back at Q. P. J. H.

"John," I inquired, "have you heard anything about my old friend George Mezzetti?"

"Why, yes. He owns the State Theatre now. And Peggy, you remember Enrico Gangi? Well, he is the dog-catcher and superintendent of the dog pound."

"How interesting!" I said. "Happy was telling me about Paul Clifford's success in boxing. I heard he has taken McCarthy's place in the Arena. He is scheduled to box against Anthony Ostroski tonight."

"Well, here you are. I hope you have a nice trip," and with that John's taxi disappeared around the corner.

Suddenly I was startled by hearing a voice saying, "Pardon me, but I seem to remember you."

"Well, if it isn't June Catler! June, is it true that you and Sybil own a movie house?" I asked.

"Yes, and I have read all about your being a famous brain specialist. I am just on my way to see Bernard Adler about some refreshments. You know he is a soda fountain clerk in the South Station now."

I then boarded the train and found a pleasant seat near the window. Presently two figures came along the aisle saying, "Peanuts, popcorn, and candy" and who do you suppose they were? None other than Robert and Eddie Trubiano.

They did not seem at all surprised to see me because they said they had seen many of our old friends. "The other day," Robert said, "we met Paul Matilla whi is laying out plans for a new Fore River Bridge." They continued on their way.

They had no sooner gone than I saw coming toward me Fred Jones, the renowned reporter, ready at all scenes whether they were murder or fire, and John Driscoll who had won a scholarship in music and had just returned from abroad.

I was delighted to see them and still more pleased to find that they were planning to take the same trip that I had planned.

Having some time to spare that evening we went to the Metropolitan to see Gerald Lyons, the leading man, and Freda Wilson, the leading lady, in an operatic scene. The lighting effects were especially good and cleverly worked. Fred remarked that Elmus McNeil had charge of them.

Then, when we least expected it, Otis Wood stepped into the garden scene and sang a song of love. He had a thrilling baritone voice. On reading my program over I saw that Robert Mullin was the new owner of the Metropolitan.

It was wonderful to see all our old pals reach such heights, and we were in ecstasy when Donald Steward came on to demonstrate the tap dance that had made him famous.

"John, I wonder what befell Stella Smith and Donald Kain. I haven't seen them for a long time," I said suddenly.

"When we reach New York we will be able to see them because they are doing the tango in a theatre on Broadway," he answered.

At the end of the performance we went back stage to congratulate our classmates on their success. Backstage we heard a faint voice which I immediately recognized as Lorraine Smollet's. She was wearing a big smock with daubs of paint all over it and carried a big paint brush in her hand. Lorraine told us that she had achieved her utmost ambition in designing scenery for the theater.

After that we went to the Ritz Hotel owned by Elizabeth Stawnuck and Hilda Sheppard. Leaving John and Fred, I went immediately to the office to see the girls and learned from them that Pearl Manning, who had become the very efficient private secretary to Happel and Dauphinee, the wellknown importers, and Mary Laharge, the popular tap dancer and singer, were also staying there.

Early the next morning we all met in the lobby. We were delighted to find that Pearl and Mary were planning a trip across the

United States, and immediately we decided that we would all go together.

The girls had news for us. Pearl told us that Sylvia Tolchinsky was the proud owner of a very exclusive Persian Dress Shop, and that her friend Dorothy Stoler was a society matron prominent in Boston circles. Mary added that her old friend Rouzia Ameen, was Dorothy's social secretary. We exchanged news about our old schoolmates while we rode to the station and boarded the train for New York together.

Looking out the window of the train a few minutes later, I was reminded of something I had heard from Thomas Welch just before he left for China as the American ambassador.

"On my last trip," Tom had said, "I saw the desert island where Davie Dunn lives. Whoever would have thought he would turn out to be a hermit with a Zulu princess for a wife?"

When I told the others a gale of laughter rang through the car. Then I showed them a letter which I had received from Gladys Sproule, the American woman scientist, who had been hunting butterflies in India. Gladys wrote that John Pringle was in India, too, learning some new rope tricks to bring back to the States.

Fred, who had been silent for quite awhile, taking everything in as reporters do, said that Michael Salvaggi was a barber in Hawaii.

"Our schoolmates certainly have traveled about in their work," remarked Mary. "Have you heard that John Wheble has started some C. C. C. camps in China for the Chinese men?"

Just then the call to luncheon was sounded and we all went to the dining car.

Such was the speed of our train that a few moments after lunch was over we found ourselves just outside the city. When we stepped from the train in New York two smartly attired young ladies came toward us. They were none other than Mary Rahaim and Georgette Thomas who were proud owners of a chain of restaurants in New York and had Dorothy DeYoung and Dora Deveau as two of their managers. They said Laura Thiboutot was working with them also.

Georgette told us that Catherine Piazza was the superintendent of one of the New York libraries, and that Martha Dahl could be seen scurrying about as an assistant.

We left them and took a taxi to our hotel.

As Pearl and I wanted a wave, we asked Mary's advice. She directed us to the Hamill Beauty Studio, where we found Anna Hamill giving Edna Riley a permanent wave.

"Anna, ever since I left Quincy I have done nothing but meet Point graduates," I remarked. I told her all the news I had recently heard and also about how our class had almost entirely made up the faculty of the Q. P. J. H. S. Virginia Golbraith was the athletic instructor for girls and Stewart Sherrif the boys' gym teacher.

"He evidently has learned to high jump," Anna laughed.

"Victor Hansen is the Civics instructor," I continued, "and Geraldine Avery the art instructor. And who would have thought that Frances Murphy and Roberta McKeen would turn out to be mathematics teachers?"

Anna was glad to hear this news of her friends and as by this time our hair was nearly dry she offered to accompany us on a visit to the world famous New York Dry Goods Store which she said was owned by Francis Ricker.

Ruth Nourse was the manager of the jewelry department with Mattea Napoli and Mary Artese her assistants.

"It is comical to see the hawk-like eyes of Frances MacNamara and Eugene Seaver, the floor walkers. They don't trust anybody but Pointers," Anna was saying when we were interrupted by Pearl who thought she recognized a young gentleman and lady coming towards us. They turned out to be Thomas Gill of the advertising department and Margaret Lane his assistant. They were on their way to the art department to hold a conference with Marino Calabria the art director.

By this time in our travels we were beginning to expect to meet our old friends from Q. P. J. H.; so we were not surprised as we left the store to meet Doris Mitchelson wheeling a baby carriage. Curiosity helps make the world go around and to satisfy ours Doris said that she owned an institution for taking care of babies while the parents worked. She was having a wonderful time, and her two office workers were Eunice De Salvio and Nancy Di Thomasso.

When we got back to the hotel John and Fred who had been wandering around came back with broad grins on their faces. They told us that they had seen Ruth Simmons sitting in the window of a bakery making all

kinds of decorations on cakes.

After dinner we completed our plans for the next day and as we were to take an early train for Chicago in the morning we very soon retired for the night.

MARGARET CARMODY.

Chapter II.

After our time in New York we went on to Chicago. While on the train we met Thomas Welch, the Ambassador to China. He was interested to know I was a reporter and that Robert Peterson was my chief editor. I also told him that Joseph Fitzpatrick was my assistant reporter and our literary editor was John Rigby. Thomas soon bid me goodbye as he had some important political matters to attend to.

My friends had not returned from the observation car, and as I was quite lonely I turned on the radio, and looking into the television screen I saw the internationally famous Hugh Lusk Symphony Orchestra. Ralph Daziel was the leading trumpet player and Phyllis Pinel, Norma Wolfe and Annie Gould were four of his most noted violin players. Seeing Hugh, the memory of the times we used to have at school came back to me.

Just then my friends came back and Pearl told me that she had visited the train library which was one of the new conveniences of 1944 trains. She also told us that Bertha Zack was the chief librarian and her assistant was Rose Bookman.

At this point in the conversation we were interrupted by a messenger boy who gave me a telegram. It was from my editor asking me if I had any information concerning the wrestlers, Bull Salvaggi and Bone Crusher King, formerly James King of 9-4, and their coming battles. I wired back immediately telling him that in New York I learned that they were both in training. Each was convinced that he would be the winner. I suggested that the editor get in touch with Sammie Lommano, the manager of Madison Square Gardens for further information.

Upon returning to my place I found that my friends had gone off again; so I bought a paper and sat down to read it.

On the sport page I notice that Theodore Brandolini's basketball team, which was composed of Sonny Comparato, Elvin Arnold, Stewart Glencross and Lawrence Kennedy, was

about to play the seventh game of the season. They were positive of another victory.

After finishing reading the paper I picked up one of the books Pearl had brought from the library and to my astonishment the book entitled, "Interesting Statistical Information about Antedeluvian Amphibians" was written by Margaret Gillis.

Glancing at my watch I realized that I had better go to lunch. On the way to the dining car I met the girls, and Peggy told me she had just heard that Laurice Higgs was scout leader in Chicago.

As the train pulled into Cleveland we noticed many sign boards advertising Billy Bones' Circus. Some of the features of the show were Tom Monaco, the tallest man in the world, Nicholas Oliverio, strong man; Russel McGuirk, master of the drums, and Lelio Serafini, tight-rope walker. We also saw a picture of Alfred Joly, the famous clown. A very interesting announcement on the board brought exclamations from my companions. It read as follows: "Betty Cutler, the greatest of all time violin snake charmers, plays her magic instrument to the cobras."

By this time the train had stopped and John decided that we ought to take a sight-seeing tour while we were waiting for the train to Chicago. I phoned for a car and to our utter surprise we found our chauffeur to be Joseph Kerrigan. Joe told us that he was working for the garage owned by William DeYoung. He also said that his fellow mechanics were Tony Paolucci, John Broadfort, Benjamin Latora, and Henry Mattulina.

We got into the car and were speeding through the streets when a shrill whistle cut the air and Victoria Cresfalli, chief of police, told us to pull up to the curb. We got to talking about old acquaintances and she told us that on her police force were Virginia Hartrey, Helen Nelson, and Virginia Mattina, who were making names for themselves.

Victoria told us that a marathon was on down the street and Joseph Banuk, Urban Ross, and Max Goldberg were among the competitors.

We drove on past the Page and Forsythe Publishing House of which Eugene Forsythe and John Page were the owners. Joe told us that Anna Brown and Eloise Blaisdell, Jean Skeldon, and Elthea Blanchard were assistants in the office.

A few hours later we were again aboard the train. My curiosity was aroused when we saw the Presidential car attached and I immediately went in to find the news.

After some argument with the presidential attendants, Ernest Greer, his bodyguard, recognized me and welcomed me in. Seated at a desk writing was Edward Hackett, the recently elected President of the United States. After exchanging greetings he told me that his administration was sure to be a pleasant one because of the co-operation of the Vice-President, Rosanna Wasburn, Secretary of State, Eleanor Glynn, and Secretary of Treasury, James Savage. He also informed me that Joe Pinel, John Mullaney, and Elsie Baxter were members of his Cabinet. Realizing the value of President Hackett's time I offered him my best wishes for a successful term and left his car.

When I returned to my friends again they had more news for me. They had just had a radio announcement that Ferdinand Di-Nicola, famous abroad for his music and artistic works, was returning to the U. S. for a visit.

The train moved steadily on to Chicago. Unfortunately we were unable to explore the city as we arrived late in the evening and were to take the train for the west coast early the following day.

Fred Jones.

Chapter III

We boarded the train again at Chicago, and everything was going smoothly until our attention was attracted by a huge plane coming towards us. It seemed as though it were going to crash into the side of the train, but to everyone's relief it swooped upwards. Because the plane came so close, Mary was able to recognize Joseph Buckley and Alfred DiNardo. Fred told us that he heard that Joe is a famous stunt flyer and Alfred rides with him and designs the planes.

Fred also told us that in his travels out west he wandered onto a ranch and discovered the owners were Kenneth Howe and Henry Crowley. We were sorry that we would not have an opportunity to visit them.

While stopping at Butte, Montana, we met Olive White, and Dorothy and Jennie Pompeo. They told us that they were cowgirls on a nearby dude ranch and had come

to town to do some shopping. They also said that Clayton Baker, Raymond Sanborn, and Americo Gramazio were cow punchers on a ranch near theirs and they visited them frequently.

After leaving them we decided to take a walk for our legs were stiff after riding so long on the train. We wandered onto a farm, and to our great surprise when we approached the door of the house to ask for a drink of water, whom should we see but Clara Wallace. She certainly was glad to see us, for she said she had not seen any of her old pals since she graduated, but had heard that Mary Smith had opened a school for girls out west. She told us that she was the housekeeper there and Theodore Salvati was breaking bronchos, but was out on the range at present. We did not see him because we had to get back to the train for it was nearly time for it to leave.

We spent the remaining part of our trip resting and discussing old times. Peggy told us that Beatrice Leonard is at last clerk of the school we graduated from, Quincy Point Junior.

One afternoon during the trip while the others were dancing in the ballroom, which is the newest addition to modern trains, I took a paper and a book and went up on the observation platform to read. The first thing I read on the radio page was that Matthew Johnson, the crooner, had a new contract with Dick Flescher and his orchestra.

I also noticed on the same page that Josephine Pollaro the famous singer, was broadcasting that night at 11.30 over WNAC.

I read that Theresa Barba was planning to go to Italy to study music.

In big headlines I saw that Fred Infascelli, the famous inventor, had just invented a balloon that would travel to the moon and back. When I read that I wondered if I had read the article aright for I couldn't believe that Fred had invented such a marvelous thing.

I next turned to the marriage section of the paper, and to my surprise heading the list was the happy marriage of Annie Levine. It said that she and her husband were to make their home in France.

On the sports page I read that Ina Milne was the United States tennis champion and that she had just sailed to England to compete with the English players.

After finishing the paper, I picked up the book I had brought with me entitled "The Life of a Married Man" by Coleman Joyce. As I turned into the train again I bumped into someone and looking up I recognized Shirley Bean. We sat down and talked a while, and she told me that she was kindergarten teacher in Weymouth and was now going out west to visit her aunt for she was on her vacation. She also told me that the bridge our train passed over a few miles back was built by George Pugh and Harry Kuperman, two famous engineers.

After I left Shirley I again went to prepare for dinner when I was stopped by two men whom I recognized as Russell Sweeney and Eugene Pasqualuci. They told me that they were very anxious to talk to me. When I asked them why they wanted to see me they told me that it was because they wanted to sell me some insurance policies. After telling me that they had just sold some to two successful farmers, Salvatore Pugliesi and William Henderson, and giving me a great sales talk, they left very much disgusted with me because I didn't buy.

We arrived in Hollywood the next day and after I had rested I left my friends and went to do a little exploring by myself. I decided to go to the Paramount Studios for I had heard that my old pal, Alice Evans, was doing scenic designs for them. To my great disappointment upon inquiring for her I was told that she had left to become the wife of Alfred Oliverio. However my trip to the studio was not in vain because as I was leaving someone passing said that this was the studio of the famous singer, Virginia Fliescher, who was here to make a picture. I had thought that she was at the M. G. M. studios, but now I turned around and waited to see her. While I was waiting I heard two men talking and recognized one as Merton Wright. They were so close that I overheard their conversation, and I gathered that Merton was a cameraman at Paramount.

Just then the last person on earth that I expected to see came out of the office. It was Carolyn Whitehouse. During our conversation she told me that she was the make-up artist at the studio.

At last I was allowed to see Virginia, and I found her very much upset. She told me that she had received several kidnapping threats. In order to guard against any such

thing she had hired James Conaghan and Robert Mitchell as detectives and bodyguards. I explained to Virginia my mission in coming to see her. I wanted her to sign a contract to sing over our firm's broadcast advertising Tropical Fish. When Virginia heard that Albert Happell and Lindsey Dauphinee were the owners of the business she very delightedly signed the contract.

Now that my official business was over we began to talk of the old days at school; Virginia told me that Sarah Rae had just sailed for France to become an interior decorator. While she was speaking two men entered and started towards our table. I recognized them to be William Butt and Joseph Chepetsky. They told me that they were successful comedians of Broadway. They said that Nicholas Melchionna occasionally teamed up with them and that all three were in Hollywood only for a short time.

Discovering that it was getting late I bade my friends good-bye. As I was making my way back to the hotel, I passed a dress shop that was so inviting that I could not resist going in. The first person that I saw was my old classmate, Marjorie Smith. After exchanging greetings she told me that she was the owner of the fashion shop and Nellie Tocchio and Rita Stingley were her assistants. Harriet Beers and Adeline Calderone were two of her models, and Jeanette Mc-Niel was the head of the very popular knitting department. Katherine Palmisano helped in the designing department.

When I returned to the hotel I found that my friends were not there but had left me a note saying that they were going through Pleasure Park.

When they returned they certainly were excited for they said they had met many of our old pals from Quincy Point. Mary told me that Joseph O'Leary was the bus driver who drove them to the park, and Joe Contrino was the barker at the park and had a great line of chatter to attract customers.

Fred said that Jean Blanchette was the owner of Pleasure Park, and that he had made millions by investing some of his money in George Gorachy's and Robert Hanna's Fly Swatter Company. He also told me that Frank Saluti ran the Merry-Go-Round.

Peggy said that Marion DiLoreto and Josephine DiNicolo were pianists and Josephine Swanson was the soloist at a very exclusive hotel in the city. On the way back

to the hotel they said they met Ernest Nelson who had an electrical store. Two of his assistants are Michael Panerelli and Cestino Toechio.

After discussing the day's happenings we retired to our rooms for we were to start on our journey early the next morning.

Pearl Manning.

Chapter IV

Our plan was to take a boat from Los Angeles, I left very excited. I hurried out back to New York.

As the gang plank was taken away and the ship started to move away from Los Angeles, I felt very excited. I hurried out onto the deck to find Fred, John, Peggy, and Pearl. There was no one in sight so I went to my deck chair, opened a newspaper and started to read.

You can imagine my surprise when I turned to the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column and found that the new editor was none other than Janet Easton. But this was not all; Francis London was writing the poetry column.

In the headlines of the sporting page I saw that "Foxes," my favorite baseball team, were as successful in the last game as they always had been. The outstanding players on the team were Rita McManus, Sidney Brick, John McKenna, and Robert Pearson.

Just as I was going to my cabin to dress for dinner I bumped into someone and looked up to see who it was. I found myself staring into a face which was strangely familiar. The young man seemed to be staring at me too. At last he blurted out "Why, Mary Lahage! I thought you were at work with your tap dancing and singing on Broadway." Immediately I recognized Constantine Franchuk.

"Why yes," I said, "but I have come away for a while for a vacation. And you! What in the world are you doing here?"

He told me he was in Hugh Russell's orchestra on board the ship. After we had exchanged a few words, I went to my cabin and dressed for dinner.

At dinner Fred told me some other news. He said that Shirley Morgan was the world's champion broadjumper. He also, told us that Victor Mariano and Patsy Marella were the owners of a large, successful newspaper.

During the evening Fred called up and said that he wanted to introduce me to the Captain of the boat. I was amazed to find that he was none other than Constantine DiTullio, our old schoolmate.

We then went back to the ballroom. Some of the faces in the orchestra looked familiar so I asked John who they were. He told me they were Richard Foley and Fred Whitaker.

It was quite late by then so we all decided to go to our cabins and get a good night's rest.

The next morning I arose bright and early.

As I was taking a few turns around the deck I saw a lady who was sitting on her deck chair looking very pale. I spoke to her and found out that she was Jeanne Dialogue. She told me that she had had an operation in New York. Jeanne said that she owed her life to Dr. Rita Crotty, the famous surgeon. She then told me that some of the most excellent nurses who helped Dr. Crotty at the hospital were Dorothea Holland, Philomena Marinella, Flora Moscone, Virginia Meade and Mary McGuigan.

Later while eating breakfast we turned on the radio and heard a voice we immediately recognized as Louise Johnston talking very rapidly. She was advertising Anna Dolan's newly invented freckle cream.

After breakfast we made a tour of inspection of the boat. You can imagine how surprised we were to see that the chef was William Brown. As a special favor to me he promised to make me some fudge for I remembered what good candy he used to make when we were at school.

As we strolled around the deck Fred told us that Barbara Muir had started a camp of health and beauty for girls. John said that Nan Murdock was Barbara's assistant. Her other assistants were Helen McGarty and Marion DiFazio. He said Annabell Koritsky was the special nurse there.

Just then a steward came toward us and gave Fred a "Quincy Patriot Ledger" which had been sent to him by a friend. We were all eager to find some news about the old home town; so we hurried to our deck chairs to read the paper. We read that two reporters on the staff, Gertrude Post and Mary Romano, were very busy trying to get on the trail of a terrible gangster. They wanted

to outsmart the police and get a good story for their paper. Joseph DiAngelo, the sales manager, was also very busy as were his secretaries, Marion St. John and Emily Thibadeau.

We turned to the social news and found out that the former Misses Jenny Vacarelli, Mary Mineo, Helen Veno, Lorraine Flynn, Marion Harton, Adella Gramazio, Johanna Johnson, and Josephine Poliatti, had started a bridge club. They were very prominent young social leaders.

Then John said he also heard that Alice Weir, Genevieve Luongo, Helen Krasas, Helen Johnson, and a few others were prominent in society. They were doing some social service work in Boston.

In the advertising section we were amused to see an ad for Coffee Berry chewing gum manufactured by Richard Connelly and Edward Costello. Their official testers were John Fagan and John Speredelozzi.

Later, in the dining room, I saw a very athletic girl whom I recognized as Peggy Smith who told us that John Keeley was the mayor of Quincy and that Robert Oliver and Genio Luciani were the heads of the Police Department in Quincy.

Somehow or other the talk got around to fortune tellers. Peggy Smith told us that Nellie Solimini was a crystal gazer and had more business than she could attend to.

At that point a very handsome young man came towards us. Peggy told us that he was Phillip Sparrow, a distinguished ball player.

During the afternoon I visited the beauty parlor and to my delight I found out that Louis Pompeo was the barber. Julia Nash came over and waved my hair. Rose Comi, Nancy Chella and Lucy DiMeo also were hair dressers, and Stacia Zaparetsky was the manicurist.

Agnes Creutz then came in, and I talked to her while Louis cut her hair. I found that she was the office manager of the hospital where Rita Crotty was one of the doctors.

Then I sat down under a lamp waiting for my hair to dry. I picked up the "Biography of Katherine Hepburn" and was surprised to find out that the author was Ruth Burns. I recalled that Ruth always had admired Miss Hepburn.

Pearl came in after a while and told me that she had heard from Phillip Sparrow

that George Dixon and Henry Holden were the owners of a fashionable clothing store in Hollywood.

The next morning we docked at Cuba for a few hours. A Cuban orchestra came on board with guitars and ukeleles. And what do you think! The twins, Elizabeth and Louise Broadford, were with them—ukeleles and all. We passed the day singing and laughing with the orchestra and watching the divers among whom we recognized Stanley Kyller.

When we again returned to our boat after a few hours on shore we found the faculty of the Cameron-Campbell School of the Dance were to make the rest of the voyage with us. Of course we had heard of Jessie and Myra's school, but we now learned that Anna Zaparetsky was an assistant in the school. Myra told us that her school was so popular that she required a large office staff to help her. Among her assistants were Harriet Davies, Virginia Johnson, and Esther D'Entrement.

The next afternoon our ship docked at New York. We felt sad to think of our enjoyable trip coming to an end, but we shall always remember the happy time we had on board and the many things we learned about our different classmates.

Mary Lahage.

OUR PRESIDENT

He's freed us from depression
As Lincoln freed the slaves,
He drove old man depression
With a wand of prosperity to the grave.
He lingers in our memories
Like a shadow of the past
Oh! I hope we are not dreaming
For we want this deal to last.
Little children, come to me
Cuddle all upon my knee;
Fasten on your courage belt
And plan to meet great Roosevelt.
Pretend you're shaking hands
With the man who pledged to take the stand
To serve his country great and high
And if it need to be, he would die.
He is so faithful, kind and, true
To the beautiful red, white, and blue.

June L. Catler, 9-1.

WHO'S WHO IN THE CLASS OF 1934

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1934 OF THE QUINCY POINT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

We the class of June, 1934, of Quincy Point Junior High School in the City of Quincy and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament.

The following bequests are not to be sold, leased, or mortgaged; but in due time may pass on to the rightful heirs of the principals.

To Mr. Prario we leave a new list of desirable qualities to become the subject of brief talks at the close of assembly programs.

To Miss Russell, a plentiful supply of individual boxes of initiative to be distributed among the pupils in her civics classes.

To Miss Weeden, another class like 9-2 to be held up as an example to another class like 9-3.

To Miss Blakney an automatic dictaphone which will repeat to her classes at regular intervals, "Come back to earth and put your mind on Latin."

To Mr. Evans our last season's ticket to the Metropolitan Opera.

To Miss Leighton we leave a set of rubber rulers.

To Miss Kirby some modern office equipment to enlarge her commercial department.

To Mr. Poland a megaphone to make himself more easily heard at the back of the science room.

To Miss Manchester sufficient English and Literature books so that there will be a book for every pupil.

To Miss Mahoney a book of patterns for dresses without jackets.

To Miss Di Panfilo a periscope so that she won't have to stand on a chairs to see that all the girls are under the showers.

To Mr. McGrath a number of adjustable gym suits so that his classes will always be in full uniform.

To Mrs. Berthold an amplifier for the bells in the music room and assembly hall so that pupils can get to their next classes on time.

To Miss Walton a set of chairs for the library which will slide back into place when pupils leave them out.

To next year's ninth grade we leave our alibis for not having our homework done on time.

To the incoming pupils a set of hooks to take care of those who can't find seats in the assembly hall.

We hereby appoint Miss Dorothy Weeden to serve as executor of this, our last Will and Testament, revoking all previous wills made by us. In witness whereof we set our hand and seal this eighteenth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-four.

Attest:

William Shakespeare,

John Hancock.

QUINCY POINT

A school that's better day by day,
One that has the N. S. A.
To show the pupils wrong from right,
A school that wins in every fight;
That school is Quincy Point.
A school that's loved by girls and boys,
One that is reigned o'er by laughter and joy;
A school with teachers who show us the right
Whose pupils love their "Green and White,"
That school is Quincy Point.

Ruth Simmons, 9-2.

MY DOG

A friend indeed so near my heart,
A pal of mine who'll never part;
A creature whom God himself has made,
With a brand of love that'll never fade—
That's my dog.
A buddie so brave, so strong and true,
The kind that will give up his life for you,
For his master—or me that he loves so well.
A friendship so close in his heart there dwells,
That's my dog.

John Driscoll, 9-1.

HEROES OF YESTERDAY

A sunset dyes the western sky,
And in the trees the soft winds sigh;
When spirit men ascend the hill,
To sit and gaze in evening's still;
O'er strange new scenes that were not then,
When they roamed far through field and fen.
A hardy race these stalwarts tall,
Who heeded freedom's urgent call;
Who made for us a home and land,
To call our own and serve with hand
And heart through years ahead,
While they live on, though limbs are dead.

Hugh Lusk, 9-1.

Compliments of

JOHN E. COX**CANDY AT WHOLESALE**

NEWTONVILLE, MASS.

"HOSTE'S CUP CAKES

CAN BE BOUGHT AT OUR
CAFTERIA, ALSO AT YOUR
NABORHOOD GROCERS"

Compliments of

DAVIS BAKERY

1213 SEA STREET

HOUGH'S NECK

THE TRAMP

See him wandering up the street
Walking, stopping, begging,
Begging for a piece of meat,
Onward ever hoping.

See him in his dusty shoes,
His baggy pants, his tattered coat,
Everything to gain nothing to lose—
This is his moral, this is his creed.

He has no law, he has no rule,
He has no knowledge of what is right,
He has never been inside a school,
His training says take it and fight.

There see him wandering up the street,
Walking, stopping, begging,
Begging for a piece of meat,
Onward ever hoping.

Harry Elstob, 9-1.

BRAINTREE MOTOR CO.

Stedman Avenue

BRAINTREE - MASS.

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Quincy School Teachers

Our Slogan

"Service with a Smile"

DR. JOHN T. SAUNDERS
—DENTIST—

37 WASHINGTON STREET
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FOR THAT EMPTY FEELING

Try

FRANK'S LUNCH
FRANK O. DADMUN, PROP.
BEVERAGES ON TAP

206 Washington Street Quincy

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JACK'S SCOTCH BAKERY
525 WASHINGTON STREET
QUINCY POINT

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JACK'S LUNCH
367 WASHINGTON STREET
QUINCY POINT

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Finger Wave, Shampoo, Facial—35c

Permanent Waving—\$3.50 complete

Marcel—40c

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**Popular Priced Footwear for the
Entire Family**

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Exclusive Agents
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THE VITALITY HEALTH SHOE

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The Oldest and Largest Dealer on the South Shore
Terms If Desired—Cars and Trucks

Dependable Used Cars with an "OK" that counts
Conditioned in our own shops by experts

WASHINGTON ST. GARAGE INC.

"The Place With Real Values"

216 WASHINGTON STREET, QUINCY

TELEPHONE PRESIDENT 7070

Compliments of



Compliments of

SANBORN & DAMON

Kitchenware — Hardware

Compliments of

QUINCY FURNITURE CO.

MAX LUNDON, MANAGER

Complete Home Furnishers

1604 Hancock Street

Quincy

Compliments of

N. PAPANI

"A TREAT

Foy's Foods

TO EAT"

Compliments of

CHARLES A. ROSS

Mayor of Quincy

WESTINGHOUSE REFRIGERATORS

AND

MAYTAG WASHERS

AT

QUINCY MAYTAG STORE

1608 Hancock Street

Quincy

Compliments of

JOHN W. SAVAGE

Compliments of

J. SLATE

Compliments of

DORRETY OF BOSTON
OFFICIAL JEWELER
FOR
QUINCY POINT JUNIOR HIGH

Compliments of

JOSEPH SERAFINI



BERALDE ENSEMBLE
CONCERT ARTISTS

Compliments of

JOHN H. SETTLES CO.
397 Washington Street
Quincy

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FOR 1934

AIRFLOW DeSOTO — PLYMOUTH

CARRIKER MOTOR CO.

68-70 Washington Street

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DR. ROBERT A. PARSONS
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1157 HANCOCK STREET
OPPOSITE MASONIC TEMPLE
QUINCY

HOW ABOUT A COZY STUDY ROOM?

It is easy and inexpensive to build a cozy
spare room in the attic, where you can
study in peace and quiet.

SEE US FOR AN ESTIMATE

L. GROSSMAN SONS, INC.

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Granite 0893

Tel. Granite 6429-W

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TRUNKS, BAGS and LEATHER GOODS

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND SUPPLIES

GIFT NOVELTIES

ALL THE LATEST HITS

SHEET MUSIC, RECORDS AND PIANO ROLLS

1514 Hancock Street

Quincy

Compliments and Best Wishes of

ALL THE PARISHIONERS

OF

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